THE NIKKŌ DISTRICT,

ILLUSTRATED

BY

K. OGAWA,

PHOTOGRAPHER

TOKYO, JAPAN.

IN COLLOTYPE

WITH DESCRIPTIVE TEXT BY

JAMES MURDOCH, M. A.

MUSEUM
OF FINE ARTS
BOSTON
GIFT OF
Dr. William Sturgis
Bigelow

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Portrait of Iyeyasu (Aet.71). Painted by Himself in Front of a Mirror.

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FROM any of the bluffs of Tokyo, some eighty or ninety miles away across the great plain of Musashi as straight as the crow can fly, one's northern horizon is barred by a great, heavy, lumbering mountain-mass. This with its innumerable valleys and ravines and odd plateaus forms the far-famed Nikkō range. The district is not a large one; from the village of Hachi-ishi, known to foreigners as Nikkō, to Yumoto at the base of Shirane-san, is only some 14 miles, while the road South-westward to Ashio measures scarcely more. But this tract, limited as it is, is a land of dazzling beauty, with its stern and craggy peaks frowning grimly down over their sheer and beetling precipices upon the mantle of living green that swathes their middle flanks, and upon the solemn darksome woods that clothe the glens and straths and lower hill-slopes with such a sombre garb. These woods rise up in wondrous quiet and calm, for the place is mostly a windless one. And soundless too, but for the monotonous stridulation of the cicadae, and the eternal sobbing moan of rushing, falling waters. Even in the farthest recesses of these pine-clad glens the roar of fretful streams comes brawling and calling upwards from the rocky gorges. Within the circuit of the range are some eight-and-forty white-maned cascades and cataracts, some of them the most famed among the famous waterfalls of Dai Nippon. Then there are meres and tarns and lakes,—Yumoto with its sulphurous stench, ringed round with its darksome fringe of firs, Nishi-no-umi coyly nestling 'neath its sombre wooded hills, and Chiusenji where mighty Nantai mirrors his shaggy sides what time the kindly sun comes out and scatters the mist-rack afar. For as often as not the rain-clouds and fog-banks descend upon these peaks, and shroud them in all the mysterious gloom of cloudland, despite their name of "Mountains of the Sun's Brightness" as Nikkō-zan imports.

In the truth this name of Nikkō-zan is but one more instance of the attempts of mortal man to propitiate the dread and awful powers of nature by a term of milder and happier omen. It is a euphemism dictated

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by the same instinctive feeling that impelled the old Greek mariners to change the Πόντος ἄξενος with its wreck-strewn shores into the Ἄξεινος,—the feeling that drove the Portuguese navigator to seek for a fairer augury in the "Cape of Good Hope," than he had found in that "of Storms."

At least so the legend runs. According to it, the place was called Futa-ara-yama, that is, "the roaring wind-swept mountains." Twice a year, in spring and autumn, fierce blustering hurricane blasts came howling amain from their cave of gloom in Nantai-zan's rugged flank and spread fell ruin and ravage o'er the vales. Now this native name of Futa-ara-yama, when translated into Chinese, becomes Ni-kō-zan, and as such the place was often called. At last—so goes the tale—in the year 820 Kōbō Daishi came hither to complete the work of the good Shōdō Shōnin, the mountain-opener. He made a road to this antre vast whence poured the stormy gusts, what time four-fingered Futen, the Aeolus of Japan, unloosed his bag wherein he bears the winds. And the saint changed this old ill-omened name of Ni-kō-zan to the name which the range bears even unto this day,—Nik-kō-zan. And from that moment the storms ceased to roar and rage and ravage.

Even in nought but its own wild and savage loveliness the place is worthy of being, as it is, a pilgrim's goal among the natives of the soil. But the cunning of man's hand has also worked here in wondrous wise. So much so in fact that it stands on record in the Guide-book that "there is probably no other place in Japan which combines in so eminent a degree the beauties of art and the beauties of nature." And the Guide-book's words are sooth, for under the umbrageous green of these huge-boled, sombre cedars nestle the most perfect assemblage of shrines in all the land;—the *Go-reiya* or mortuary temples of the founder and of the consolidator of the Tokugawa power; of Iyeyasu and of Iyemitsu, the two most puissant of the final dynasty of Shōguns,—and eke of all the rulers that have bornesway in the Land of the Gods. It is just two hundred and seventy-five years

ago since what was mortal of the great Iyeyasu was laid to rest in this last resting-place. On the 8th of March in the previous year (1616) he had passed away in the strong-built hold of Sumpu (Shidzuoka), there closing in calm and peace his long and stirring life protracted some four winters beyond the normal three score years and ten. But even to the last he was hale and active. It was not till the last year of the sixteenth century that he had made himself master of all the land in the Armageddon of Sekigahara, and it was three years later, just when our Tudor dynasty expired with Good Queen Bess and the Stuarts began with the British Solomon, that he was invested with the old title of *Sei-i Tai Shōgun*, which had been in abeyance during the four decades preceding. In the following year Iyeyasu thought fit to abdicate the office and had his son Hidetada appointed to rule in his stead. But although nominally withdrawn from the turmoil of political life the old man was watchful and vigorous as ever, and the very year before his death he took command in the Ōsaka war, and crushed Hideyori, the only rival that could ever possibly threaten the power of his house. And from that time, with the exception of the Christian troubles in Kiusiu in 1637, there was unbroken peace in the land for full two centuries and a half.

Before Iyeyasu had passed away he had instructed his successor Hidetada to have him laid to rest beside the temple presided over by his old friend and adviser, the Abbot Ten-kai, amid the hills of Nikkō-zan. Till that wish could be fulfilled with all solemn and seemly pomp, his remains were temporarily deposited at Kunō-san, a few miles from Sumpu, while two of his faithful servants, the Lords Honda and Tōdō, were despatched to Nikkō to spy out a suitable site for his tomb. The spot they selected was on the southern slope of Hotoke Iwa, behind the scarp where the shrine of the Gongen of Nikkō had stood from ancient times. On their return, Kadzusa no Suke was appointed chief superintendent of the works, and with him there was no lagging. Of neither men nor mate-

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rials was there any lack. At that time the arts of wood-carving and painting on wood were at their very zenith in Japan, and from far and near the deftest artists in the land—Jingoro the left-handed, and others with cunning in their craft in no wise inferior to his—were congregated on the spot. As for materials, the Nikkō forests had supplied the choicest timbers employed in the building of the great castle-fortress and city of Yedo, where since 1598 Iyeyasu had kept 300,000 labourers digging and delving and rearing walls and ramparts, while with respect to the precious metals needful for the adornment of the fane, there were the unstinted resources of hundreds of tributary and subservient fiefs to draw upon.

Wherefore the work proceeded apace. On the 17th day of the 11th month of 1616 a beginning was made, and by the third month of the following year the chapel stood completed. Meanwhile on the 15th day of the same month, the corpse of Iyeyasu was taken from Kunōzan, and attended by a cortege such as Japan had never witnessed, was borne forth on the way to its last long repose amidst these lone mountains of Shimotsuke. Slowly and stately the huge procession wound its solemn and gorgeous length along, and on the fourth day of the fourth month it reached its goal. Then came a four days pause, and on the 8th the coffin was entombed. This was the beginning of great and wondrous doings amidst these stately cedar groves. On the 11th, came the Shōgun Hidetada with great pomp and circumstance, and three days thereafter the Mikado's envoy amidst a resplendent throng stood before the tomb and read aloud the Imperial decree that conferred the title of *Sho-ichi-i Tō-shō Dai-Gongen* upon its occupant. Then three days later with equal circumstance the envoy presented the *Gohei* in the Oratory. And next morn offerings were made to the Buddhist god, Yakushi Niorai, in the outer court of the temple, and for three long days thereafter, the wail of the rushing waters around was drowned in the shrill and piercing monotone of the crowds of shaven monks that filled these solemn aisles of

living green with ten thousand intonations of the Sûtra of the Lotus of the Law. And all around were the fluttering robes of many a brocade-clad noble from Kioto, with clear cut oval face thin-nostrilled as a race-horse, the sun-tanned *daimyo*—men of war that had climbed to power by many a hard fought field,—the flash of spears, the glitter of crested helms, and the panoply and magnificence of the feudalism of old Japan in the very flush of its highest noon-day glory.

As time proceeded, the shrine waxed richer and still more gorgeous. Subservient *daimyo* found pleasure or profit in raising pagodas, and pillars and splendid votive-lanterns. Even the Coreans from over sea, and the Dutchmen penned up in their *quasi*-prison house of Deshima sent their offerings to the fane. And then after a lapse of two-score years (1657) these dells and mountain-sides were once more all a-swarm with another generation of men,—artists and builders, and workmen plying brush and chisel, and hammer and adze, to furnish forth a fitting resting-place for the grandson who had had the genius to stablish and consolidate the fabric his great grandsire had raised so well. Over on the face of the neighbouring scarp, just where the valley ends in an acute angle beyond the ancient shrine of Futaara, a mausoleum in no way inferior in richness of adornment to the one on the slope of Hotoke-Iwa, was piled for Iyemitsu. And this with the shrine of Iyeyasu forms the crown and glory of the cunning of the artist's hand in Nikkō. Other fanes and other shrines there are here in plenty, but in splendour they pall in wondrous wise before the rich, yet chaste magnificence of these, the resting-places of the greatest of the Tokugawas.

In this album it is our purpose to embody what is most noteworthy in all this mingled beauty of nature and of art among the woods and ranges of Nikkō-zan.

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PLATE I.—(Cedar Avenue.)

IN these days the journey to Nikkō is a very much simpler undertaking than it was one short lustrum ago. All that is now necessary to be done is to change from the main Awomori and Tōkyō line at Utsunomiya and step into one of the match-box like compartments of the Lilliputian train of the branch line, and sit there quietly and patiently for the hour-and-a-half till the station at the lower end of the village is reached. As the toy-engine pants and puffs and wheezes up a gradient of 1 in 50, making far more noise than progress and reminding one for all the world of an old maid's pet terrier in a passion, there are occasional peeps and glimpses of the glory of the landscape. But they are poor and tame compared with what is ever before the eye of the traveller by the Nikkō-kaidō, the jinrikisha road to Nikkō.

This Nikkō-kaidō measures in all some two and twenty miles, and for the last half it is one long and almost unbroken cathedral aisle of green. The roadway is narrow and well-paved, sloping to this side and to that, and for the most part enfiladed by embankments with all the solidity of walls. And all along these embankments, on the right hand and on the left, run aloft in unending compact rows mighty cryptomeria-boles, straight stemmed for sheer a hundred feet, and then spread out and interlace their crowns into a dark and sombre vault. It is a weird and solemn way, this long and silent aisle with its living network overhead, and its interminable vista which like the creature of a dream seems ever to fleet before one into the distance. And in the scorching heat of noon, the moist coolness of its dim religious light is as a blessing and a gracious thing. Along the wayside, course limpid, living streams, now black and inky, now flashing into swirls of yeasty white, while as they speed onwards o'er their gravelly bed, they croon aloft a melody antiphonal to the music of the Aeolian harp, the wind-swept boughs aloft. And yet withal the place is wondrous still and quiet and calm and soothing to the soul.

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From the walls above the watercourses, the roots of the columns that support the soughing, sobbing roof of this church of nature, writhe and twist among each other like so many struggling Pythons, while anon they run into what has all the seeming of fragments of Cyclopean ramparts of living wood. And here and there the lower boles are festooned and clothed with moss of hue intenser and more vivid far than the sombre vault aloft.

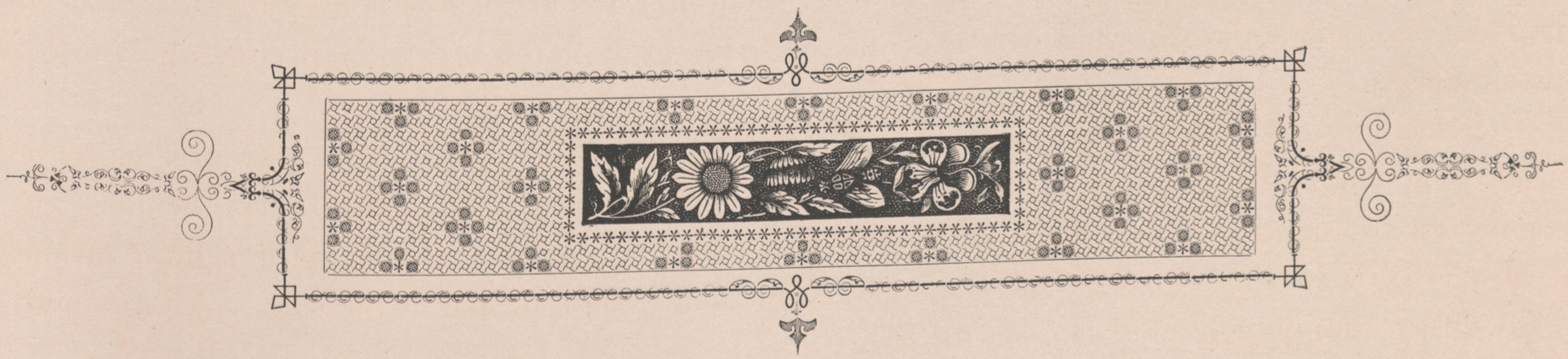
At long and distant intervals the rows are broken by little villages and hamlets, the extremities of which nestle snugly beneath the spreading cedar boughs. For the most part they are mean and poverty-stricken enough, with their torn *shōji*, their old and frayed mats, and the thatch of their roofs and their ridges luxuriant with a vigorous crop of green and lusty weeds. But even with this, their squalor is redeemed by little gardens, by flowers in pots, by the limpid water made to spout upwards fountain-wise from bamboo pipes, by the hundred-and-one quaint devices wherewith even the merest peasant of this artistic land knows how to beautify his surroundings.

Sometimes the hamlet is so tiny that the grand procession of mighty boles sweeps on unbroken overhead, wrapping its maisonettes in shade through all the live-long day. And these hamlets are not unwelcome, for as league on league of this solemn vault falls behind, and no ending yet in sight, a melancholy begot of this eerie loneliness besets the wayfarer, and the kindly sight of man is pleasant. All the more so if haply the dusky hues of night are falling on the hills.

But just before twilight fades into the darkness that covers all as with a sombre pall, the aisle is lit up with shafts of fire-like, crimson light. As the Western sun dips low on the crest of the mountains he shoots his beams between the pillars of the aisle and floods it here and there with long flaming streams and streaks of ruddy radiance. It is then that the cedar-boles glow and gleam with those strange and rich and gorgeous hues, that

somehow as they wane away into nothingness fill one's mind perforce with thoughts of the Swan's song,—of the last day of Volker and Hagen in the Halls of Etzel.

And presently the sun sinks, and all the ways are darkened and the traveller fares on his lonely way with a dull and clinching *serrement de cœur*.



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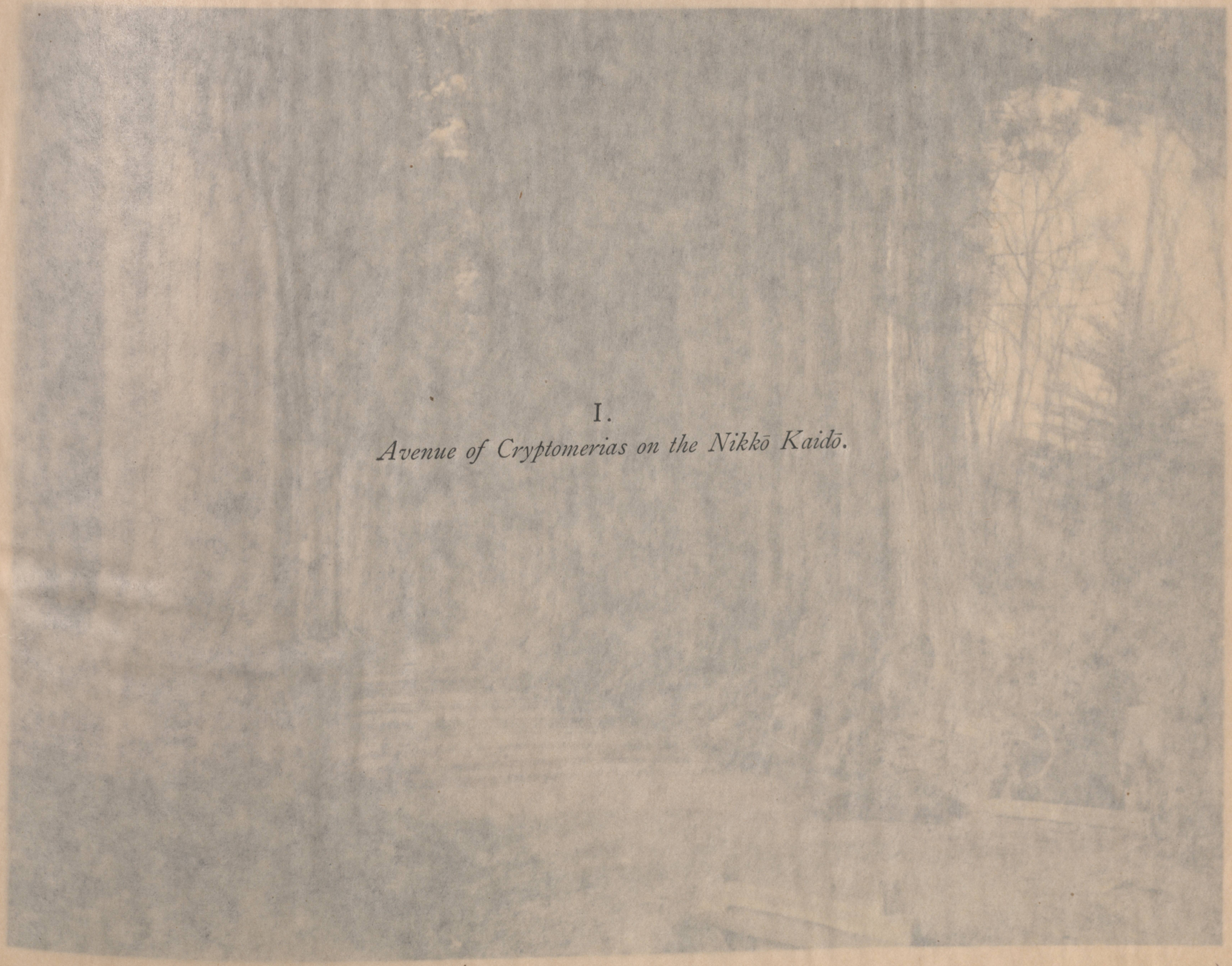

I.

Avenue of Cryptomerias on the Nikkō Kaidō.

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PLATE II.—(Mountains of Nikkō from Village Street.)

WHEN the traveller alights at the Nikkō railway station, he fares along a short newly-built street of tea-houses and hotels and jinrikisha-sheds and then turns into the main thoroughfare of Hachi-ishi, or as foreigners term it, Nikkō. This street is a long stretch of a mile-and-a-half, with a curve at its upper end like a golf-club or a hockey-stick. On either hand are rows of hotels and shops, neat and trim enough for the most part with their displays of work in fossil-wood from Sendai, their pelts and great store of old and worthless Buddhistic furnishings, the orts and ends of Tōkyō curio-dealers stocks, purposely brought into the wilderness to be traded off upon the unwary and gullible traveller as the precious belongings of the local priests, now fallen upon evil days and obliged to part with them perforce. Through the open *shōji*, the eye can here and there catch what seem specks of fairyland, decked out with rockeries, and shrubs and plants in pots.

Among the array of smaller lanterns before the hotels and ice-shops are larger paper-globes with curious metal work at their tops and bottoms, and with a liberal sprinkling of hieroglyphics dusted all over their creased rotundity. These are the conventional sign-boards of the Tōkyō *geisha* that have wandered thus far afield in the mingled quest of business and pleasure.

And straight before one, apparently from the end of the street in front, the sombre forests sweep up into grassy slopes, and these in their turn into cliffy walls of ruddy-red where the morning sunbeams beat upon the scarred and riven and rifted flanks of Nantai and his brother mountain-monarchs, Akanagi, Ōmanago and Nyōhō-zan. It is a wild and savage but not unkindly scene, for everywhere immediately around is fresh and living green, the croon of flowing waters, and withal a mighty sense of calm and restful peace.

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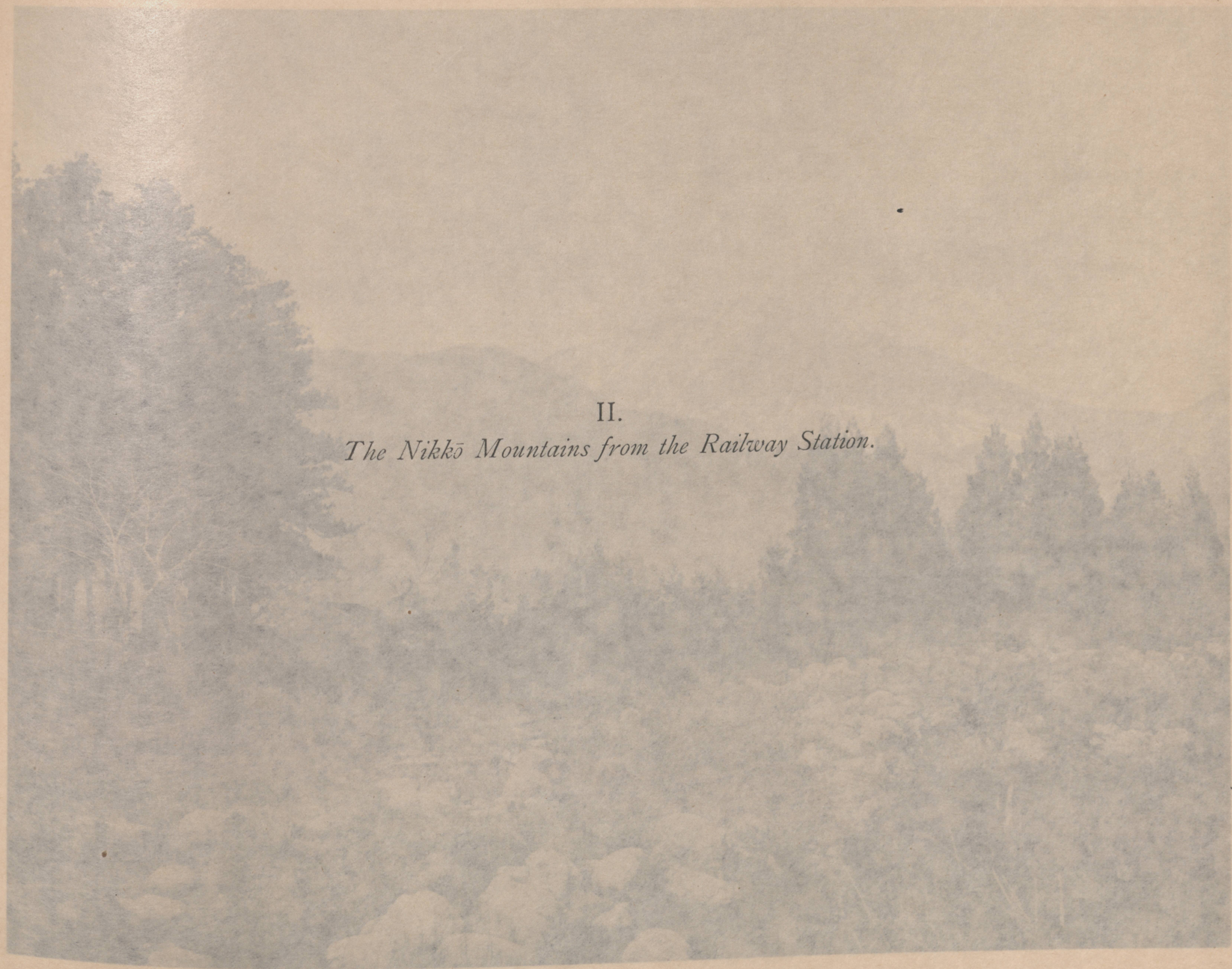

II.

The Nikkō Mountains from the Railway Station.

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PLATES III. & IV.—(Hachi-ishi and Tera-Yashiki from Kwannon-yama.)

FROM Kwannon-yama the bluff immediately overhanging the upper end of the hamlet there is a wide and pleasing prospect. On the one hand the eye wanders adown the strath, that opens out into a wide and level plain, veined with a silvery network of flashing streams, studded with hamlets and homesteads and sombre with great lanes and sweeps of darksome forests. Immediately at our feet lie the smokeless roofs of the long and silent town.

Away on the other side the prospect ends where Akanagi's crest pierces the clouds, and the grassy slopes of Nyōhō-zan sweep up into great banks of moist and heavy and impenetrable mist. Nearer, just across the stream at our feet, is Hotoke-Iwa with all the splendours of the Nikkō shrines shrouded in its groves of silent, shaggy cedars. Beyond the white-washed walls of the schools, in the acute angle formed by the Daiya and Inari brooks is a wide and open space in the midst of the darksome stretch of firs. Through the glass we catch glimpses of retaining walls and buttresses and here and there of old and broken timbers, and of all the indications of buildings now swept away and numbered with the past. This vacant spot is the old *Tera-Yashiki*, the site where stood the eighty houses of the priests in the days when Buddhism was mighty in the land, as it was before the Revolution of 1868 and the subsequent "purification" of the numerous Shintō shrines it had invaded. During the Tokugawa régime many monasteries were handsomely endowed, in not a few instances with tens of thousands of *koku* of rice; and with the summary sweeping away of the whole economy of the feudal fabric these endowments were either ruthlessly curtailed or in the majority of instances utterly suppressed. And so such sights as the ruined *Tera-Yashiki* over there on the open flank of the tree-clad scarp meet the traveller in all quarters of Japan. At Ōyama in the San-yindō, at Hikō-zan in Buzen, for instance, one stumbles on furlongs upon furlongs of low basement walls of stone, coped

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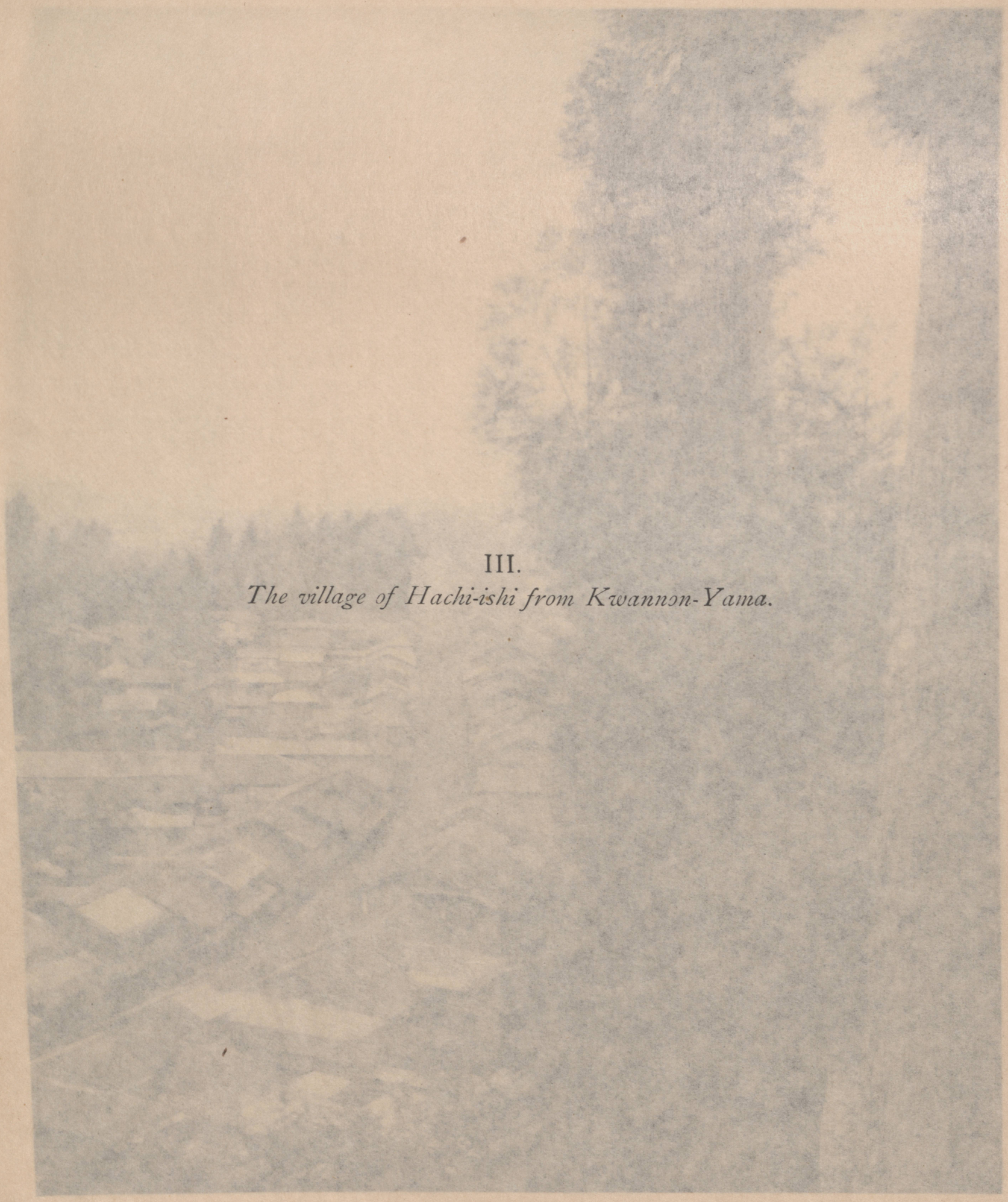
with trailing creepers, and strewed with fragments of rotting wood and wreckage of what but one short score of years ago were the habitations of men. And up into the lonely void among the cryptomerias swept the huge and stately parabolic curve of massive temple roofs, and where now is nought but vacancy and the fleeting winds the sun glinted bravely on gold-crested roof ridges, while all around were fluttering robes, the curling smoke of incense, the dim religious light of great and lofty halls with their solemn silence broken by the bonzes' intonation of their litany, the responses of worshipping throngs, and the mellow music of the mighty bell, flooding the country round with the restful sweetness of its quivering notes. And now in place of all this, rank weeds and creepers, the hoarse croak of the raven, the irritating monotone of the Cicadae, and an overpowering sense of utter desolation.



III.

The village of Hachi-ishi from Kwannon-Yama.

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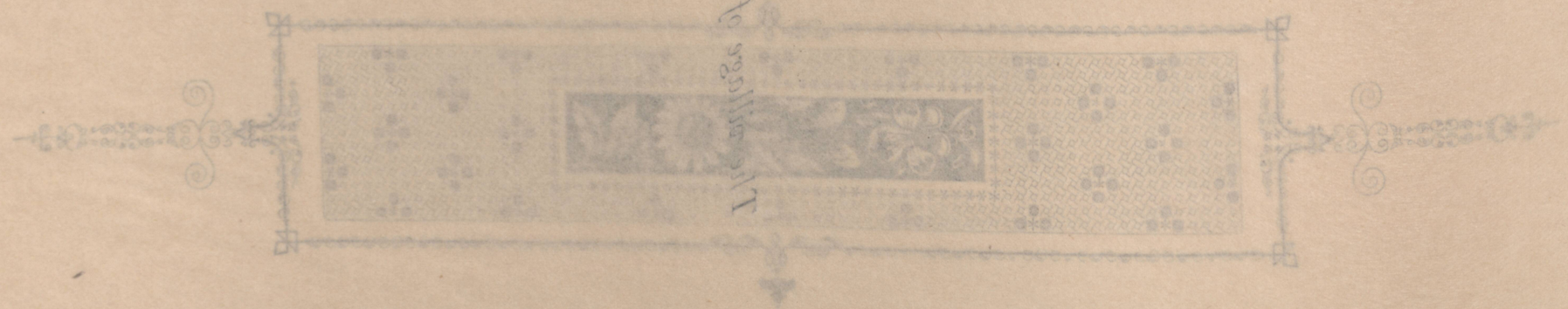

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IV.

Hotoke-Iwa from Kwannon-Yama.

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PLATE V.—(Mihashi.)

AT the extreme upward end of the village the road runs close under a scarp with stray pine trees and clumps of feathery bamboos and a thick-set undergrowth of green masking its rocky face. Right below, at its very base, seethes and tumbles the Daiyagawa, pouring and tearing seaward from fir-girt, mountain-ringed Chiuzenji, and filling the glen with the roar of its onward rush. Even with all the handiwork of man around, the gorge is wild and eeric. It is just the sort of spot that imagination is wont to make the scene of weird and unearthly legend. And such is not awanting. It was here just a thousand-and-thirty years ago that the good Shōdō Shōnin, temple-builder and mountain-opener, was brought to a hopeless pause, what time he started forth with holy-books and images in a bundle on his back, to reach those four great clouds of different hues that beckoned him upward to the untrodden mountain-summits. And then he fell upon his knees and as he rubbed his palms together, he lifted up his eyes, and lo! on the other side stood one of stature more than mortal, all robed in blue and sombre black and with a necklace of human skulls about his neck. And in his hand he held a pair of snakes of dazzling blue and green. And these he cast from him across the stream, and straightway a long bridge gleamed above the waters even as the rainbow gleams above the mountain-tarns. And the saint got him up and crossed it, and then god and bridge alike vanished from his sight.

And at the very spot where the good saint got him over, the Red Bridge now spans the torrent; its deep vermilion, its glittering metal-work and dull black caps and spots of lacquer standing out clear in wondrous wise against the living green of nature all around. And below the river churns and roars and rushes and lashes itself into creamy foam, as it tears seaward o'er the boulders and ledges of its rocky bed.

But this Bridge is not for common feet; the gates at either end are now kept close-barred and fast. Even in the Tokugawa time it was opened but twice a year to the white-robed pilgrims. With that exception it

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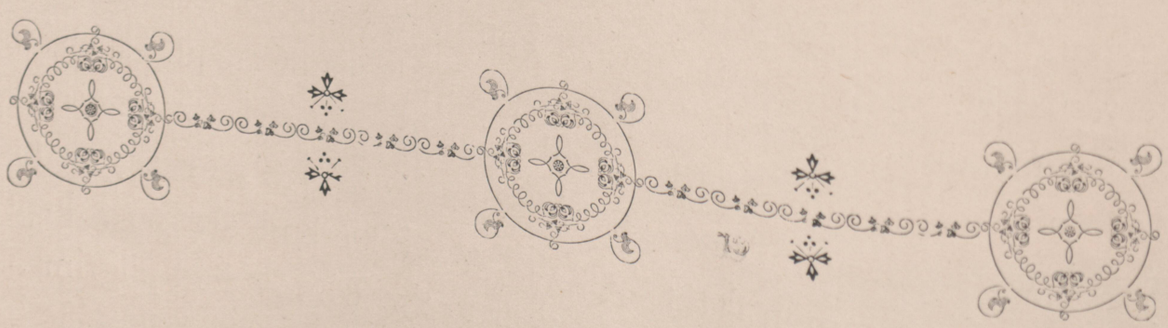
remained untrodden save when a Shōgun came to worship at the shrine of the founders of his house. And then what a pageantry it must have borne! a pageantry whose magnificence one stands here and vainly tries to conjure up. It is only by lingering over the pages of Kaempfer that we can understand what pomp and circumstance were in the land when the lords and the sword-girded *samurai* were all-in-all, and the rest of men were simply naught. Certainly there is but little of grandeur or magnificence in the poverty-stricken Japan of these hard work-a-day modern times, when the cruel money-lust has fallen upon her like a blight. But in the past it was not so; we have only to turn to the shrewd old Westphalian Doctor to understand that two centuries ago there were really "brave days of old"—that there were in Dai Nippon greatness and grandeur and eke sublimity in plenty. But the days of old Japan, when men cast Dai Butsus and piled mighty holds like the keeps of Yedo and Osaka and Kumamoto and pierced the bowels of the hills with tunnels like the emissary of the Hakone Lake have gone for ever, and in their place we have something as unstable as water and shifty as a quicksand—a modern Japan which has prettiness in plenty within its borders, but of greatness and grandeur scarce one jot or tittle.



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The Red Bridge.

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PLATE VI.

THIS is a view of the three-storied pagoda from the road that leads straight upward from the Red Bridge and then turns to the left and joins the main avenue leading to the entrance to the Mangwanji. Unfortunately a photograph can do but scant justice to the prospect; the question of contrasting colours, —the garish red of the structure and the sombre green of the surrounding woods having so much to do with the charm of the scene. This pagoda is built close to the shrine of a Shintō god with the sesquipedalian name of Aji-suki-taka-hiko-ne no Mikoto (Mighty Spademan), and has undergone the usual experiences of Japanese temple structures,—change of site and destruction by fire. It was raised "about the end of the 17th century on the site where Iyeyasu's mausoleum now stands, to replace one originally erected by Sanetomo, the third and last Shōgun of the Minamoto dynasty (1192-1219), and having been afterwards removed to this spot was destroyed by fire."

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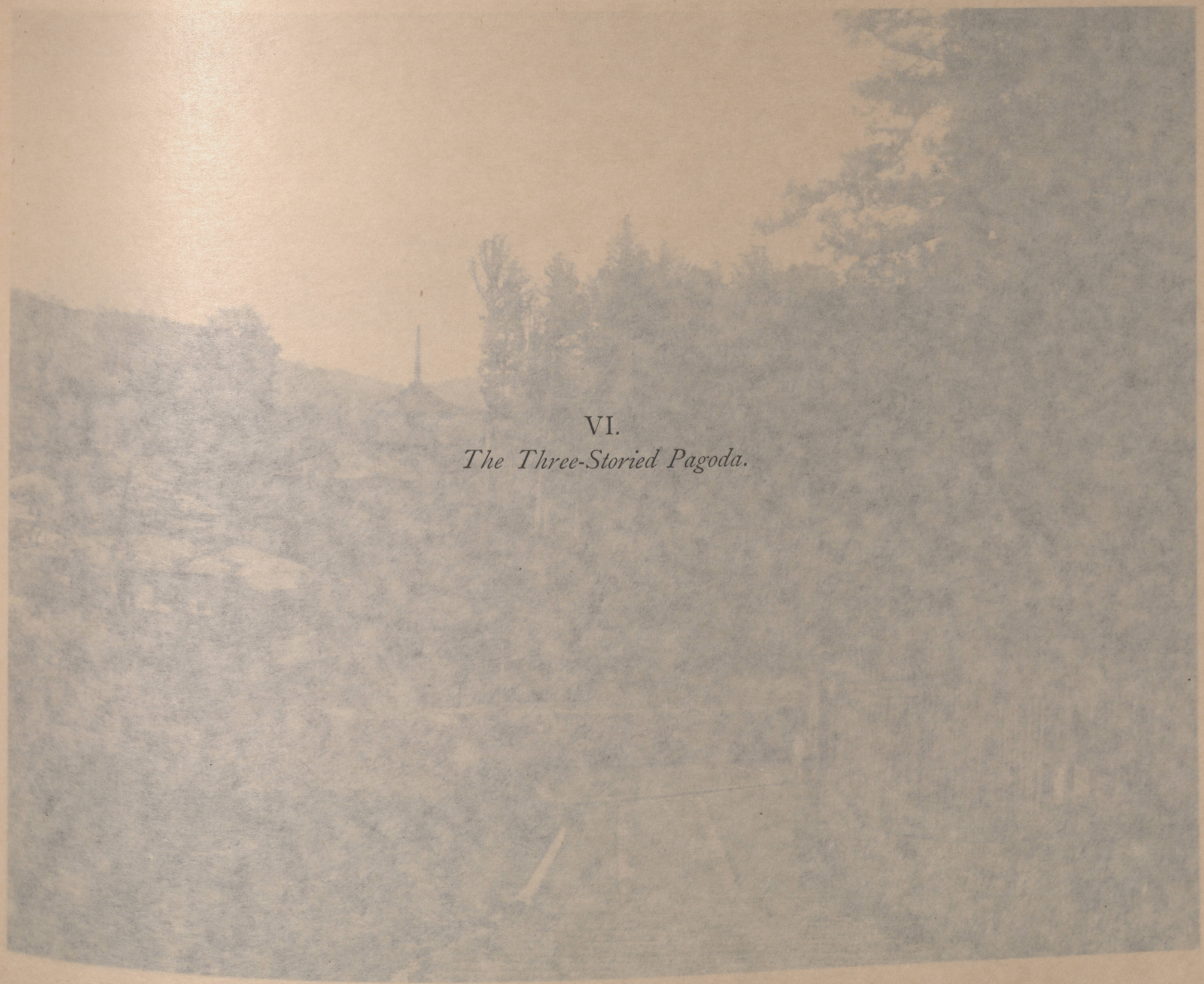

VI.

The Three-Storied Pagoda.

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PLATES VII., VIII. & IX.

THE long avenue (Plate VII.) that leads up to the entrance of the mortuary chapel of Iyeyasu is cool with the shade of trees on this hand and on that, and noisy with the rush of water adown its centre and its side from the hills behind. Before reaching that however the wayfarer will find a visit to the Mangwanji enclosure (Plate VIII.) to be not without its rewards. The most prominent object within the grounds is the huge and squat and unsymmetrical *Sambutsudō*, or Hall of the Three Buddhas, which seems to crush one with its heavy unwieldy roofs and pillars and colours. It has nothing to recommend it, not even antiquity, for it is a comparatively modern erection raised here upon the site of the former magnificent *Hombō* or Abbot's residence which was destroyed by fire some score of years ago. But the garden is a marvel of taste and in itself a thing worth going far to see. The photograph in Plate VIII. is taken from the embankment in the far right-hand-corner, opposite to the entrance. Plate IX. gives views of the black copper column of the *Sōrintō;* of the *Sambutsudō* from the front; and of a corner in this garden of Mangwanji.

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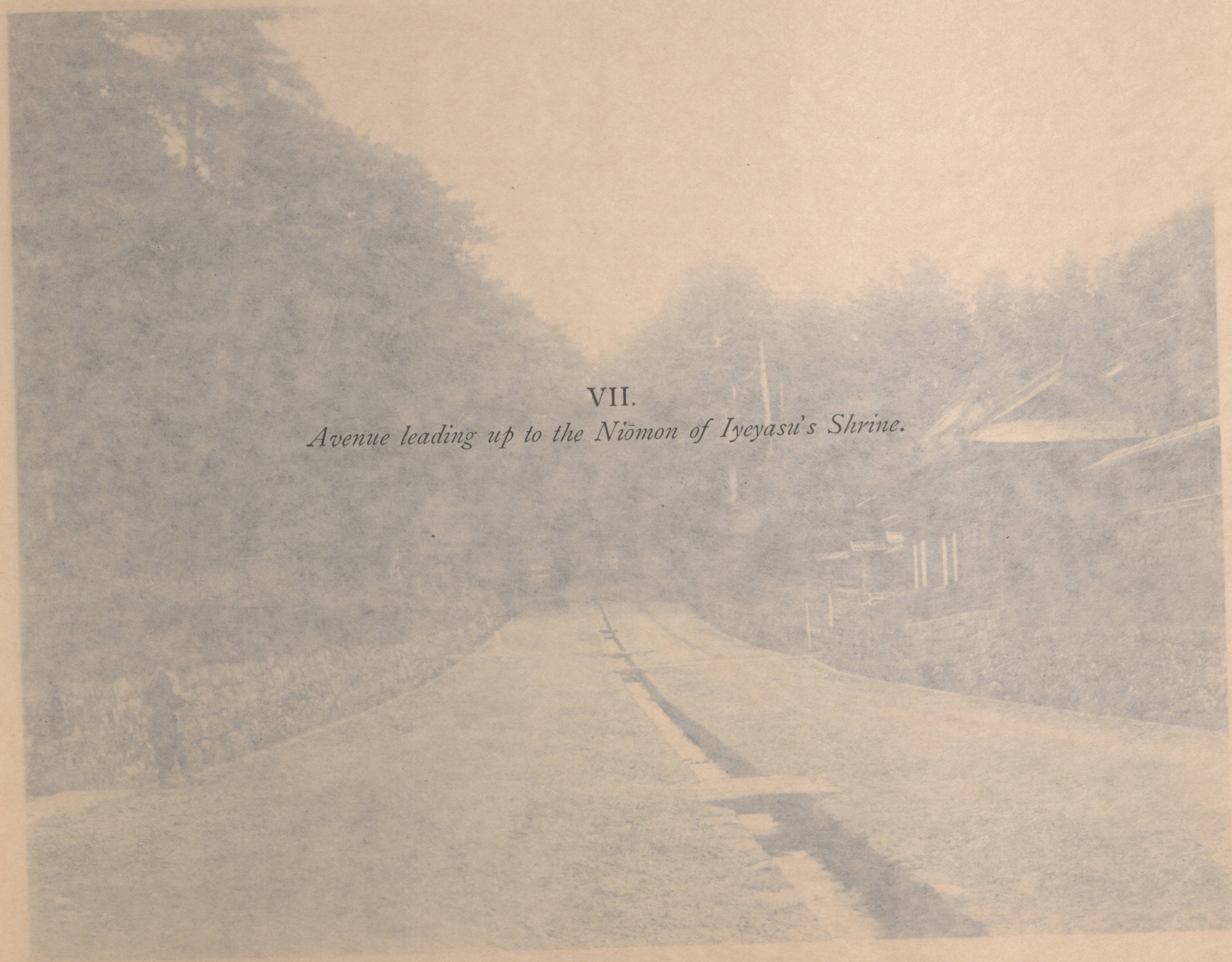

VII.

Avenue leading up to the Niōmon of Iyeyasu's Shrine.

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VIII.

General view of the Mangwanji.

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Sambutsudō.

Sorintō.

Garden of the Mangwanji.

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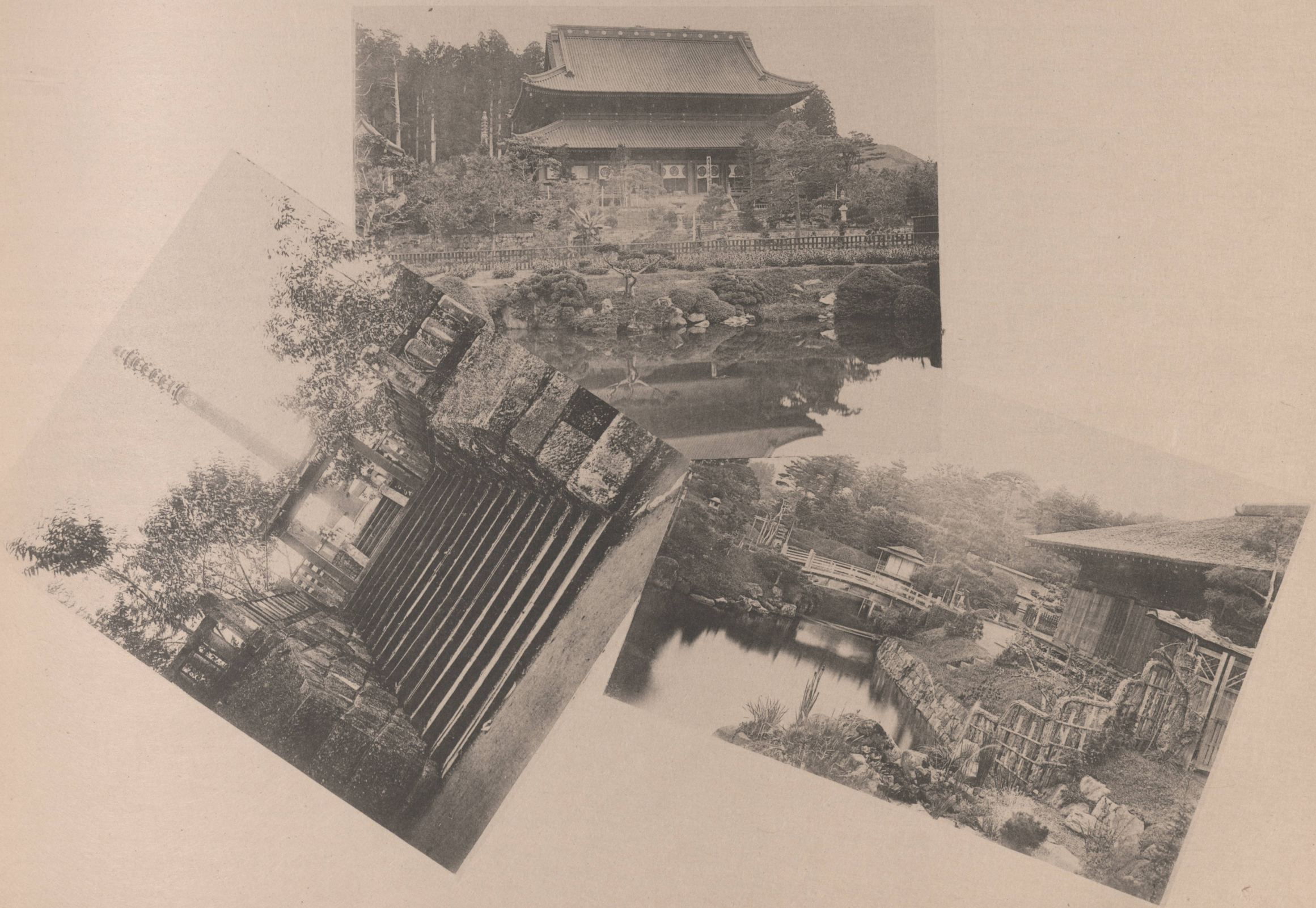

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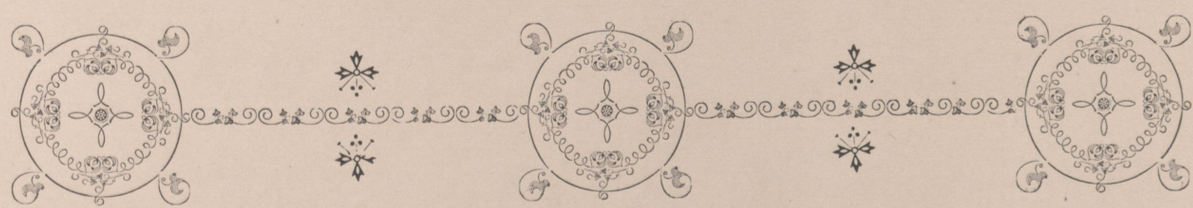
PLATES X. & XI.

IMMEDIATELY within the great stone *torii* on its left, towering above the *hinoki* grove around, its *kudo* or nine-ringed spire almost on a level with the loftier cryptomerias that overshadow the temple itself, rises the inevitable Go-ju-no-to, or Five-storied Pagoda. With its heavy copper-sheathed roofs, its gilded beams, its dull red lacquer stages, its harmoniously painted cornice with its masterly and life-like carvings, and its flower-like slender bells depending from its angles, it forms a wonderful piece of colouring in the midst of the pale-striped cryptomeria trunks, and the sombre green around. In the first stage are enshrined the Go-chi Nio-rai, the Five Buddhas of Contemplation, the usual occupants of the ground-floor of Japanese pagodas. The structure is not a very old one; it was reared in 1650 by Sakai, Lord of Wakasa, a firm adherent of the Tokugawa House.

The photograph in Plate XI. was taken one frosty January morning, after the flag-stones around the *torii* had been powdered with a slight fall of snow overnight. At the moment the plate was taken the first flakes of a heavy storm had just begun to flutter timidly down into the open in front of the pagoda. Hence the faintness of the unshaded centre of the view.



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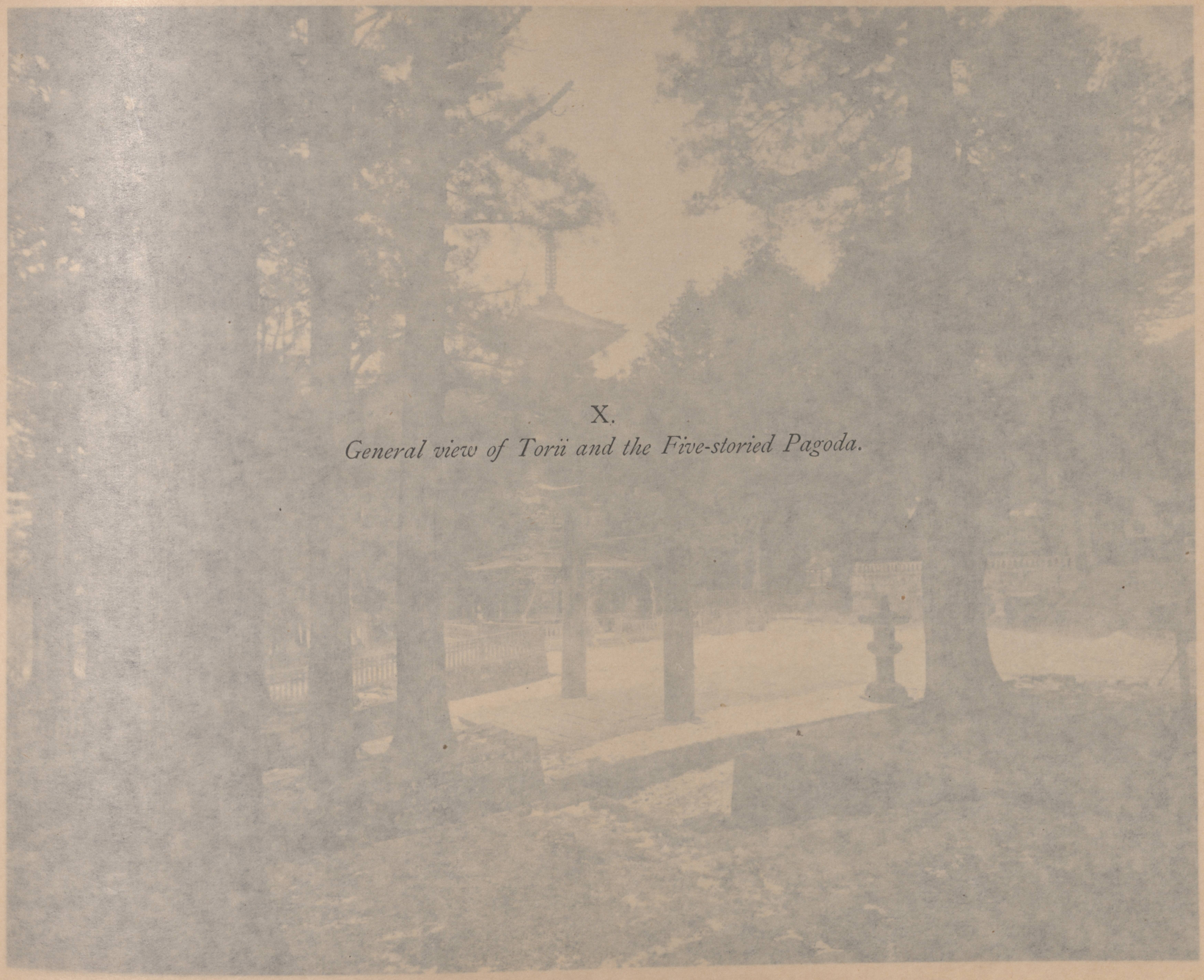

X.

General view of Torii and the Five-storied Pagoda.

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X.

General view of Torii and the Five-storied Pagoda.

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XI.

Five-storied Pagoda.

XI.

Five-storied Pagoda.

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PLATE XII.

AS we stand between the moss-hatted lanterns just within the *torii*, the entrance-gate of the Mausoleum fronts us in all its splendour. Away within, beneath the sombre shade on the right hand and on the left, the metal-work on the roofs and gables of the interior buildings gleam forth in all its bravery.

It is not till we mount the flight of steps before us that we find what laborious skill has been expended on this entrance-gate. Niōmon it is called, as the entrance-gate to temples is usually termed, from the Two Kings, Brahma and Indra, that occupy the recesses on either side. But now although the name remains, the Two Kings have disappeared from their niches, transferred to Iyemitsu's shrine at the time this temple of Iyeyasu was purified from all taint of Buddhism. Their vacant places have been filled by gilt Ama-inu and Koma-inu, monsters found only in the mythical zoology of Japan.

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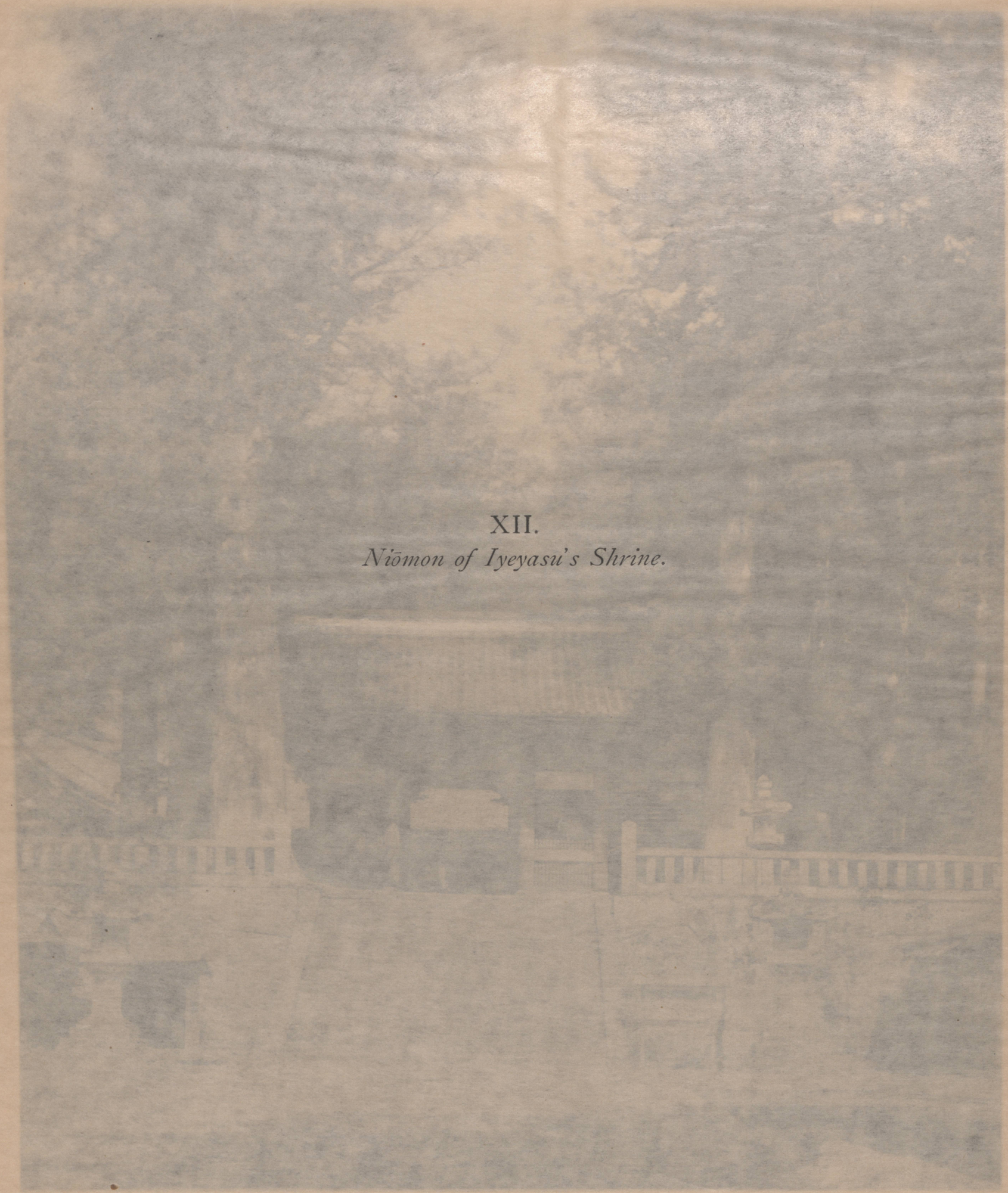

XII.

Niōmon of Iyeyasu's Shrine.

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XII.

Vision of Lycurus, Shrine.

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PLATE XIII.

PASSING through the portals we find ourselves in a wide and spacious courtyard, its floor strewn with pebbles from the river's bed, and its middle-way paved with lozenge-like flag-stones, the gathered moss of ages shewing green between their edges. All round stand lanterns of bronze and iron and stone, the offerings of respect or fear to the great Tokugawas from the other feudal houses of the land. In its right-hand corner are ranged the depositaries that hold the treasures of the shrine;—the trappings that go to furnish forth the annual festivals that fill this glen twice a year with a parody of the pomp and circumstance and gorgeousness of a civilization otherwise so utterly numbered with the past. Opposite, within its fence of stone is a *Koya-maki*, dwarfed spite of all its years of growth by the huge cedars that o'ertop it. Well-nigh ten generations have watched its growth; for men say that this is the identical tree that Iyeyasu was wont to carry with him in his palanquin when it was a baby in a flower-pot. Under its branches stands the unpainted stable for the sacred steed, his whiteness without speck or blemish and fattened to sleekness upon the dainty tid-bits furnished by the pious. Even this stable is rich in the cunning of the right-hands of those unknown artists that came with Hidari Jingorō to beautify these grounds. Above the doors in front and on the far-side from the entrance-gate are open carvings of no mean merit. The second panel especially is the work of a master of his craft.

Sangoku no saru,—the monkeys of the three countries, *i.e.* India, China and Japan, they are called, but to the white-robed rustic pilgrims they are known as *Kika-zaru*, *Iwa-zaru*, and *Mi-zaru*, "the monkey that hears not, that speaks not, that sees not" (Plate XIV. upper half.)

Right opposite on the gaily gilt gable of the depositary, standing out in high relief are two elephants, the work of Jingorō, the left-handed carpenter. At the extreme end of the courtyard stands the *On chōdzu-ya*, or lustral cistern, hollowed out of one single granite block and so carefully adjusted on its bed "that it seems

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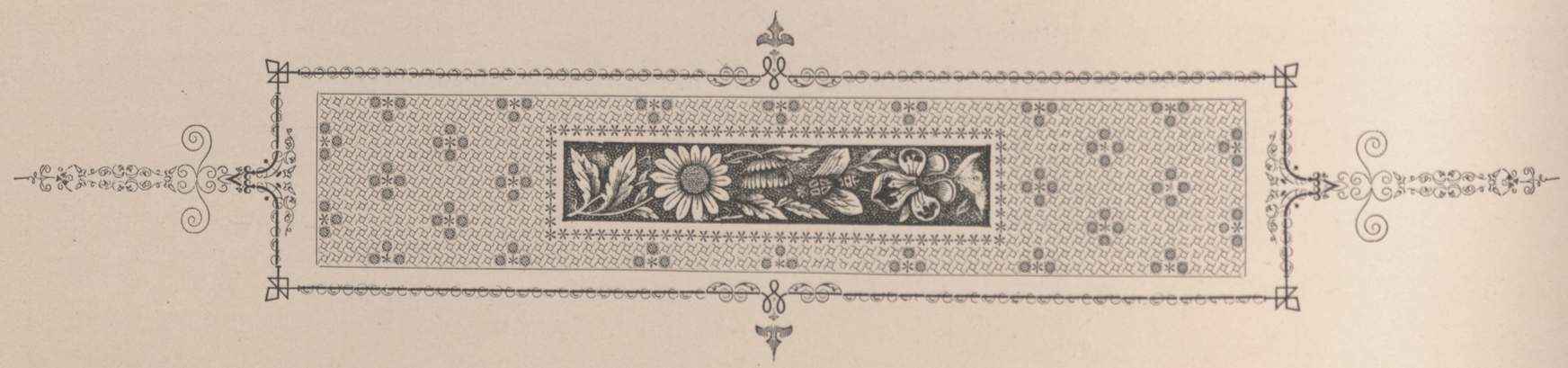
to be a solid block of water rather than a piece of stone. Next to this is the Kiōzō, or depository for the whole canon of the Buddhist scriptures, and immediately in front of that a bronze *torii* adorned with the crest of the Tokugawa. Further on in the interior we catch suggestions of the splendour of the far-famed *Yōmei* gate, which leads into another courtyard from the stone-fenced platform immediately in front of us. Inside the balustrade of this platform the chief objects are those represented in Plate XV.; to wit,—the Drum Tower, the Bell Tower, the Moth-eaten Corean Bell, and the Dutch Candelabrum.

Plate XVI. gives a front view of the famous *Yōmei* gate, while Plate XVII. shews various aspects of the wonderful work in the *Karamon*. This latter gate is built of Chinese woods inlaid with surpassing skill.



XIII.

General view of First Court-yard of Iyeyasu's Shrine.

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to be a solid block of water rather than a piece of stone. Next to this is the Kiozo, or depository for the whole canon of the Buddhist scriptures, and immediately in front of that a bronze *torii* adorned with the crest of the Tokugawa. Further on in the interior we catch suggestions of the splendour of the far-famed *Yomei* gate, which leads into another courtyard from the stone-fenced platform immediately in front of us. Inside the balustrade of this platform the chief objects are those represented in Plate XV.; to wit,—the Drum Tower, the Bell Tower, the Moth-eaten Corean Bell, and the Dutch Candelabrum.

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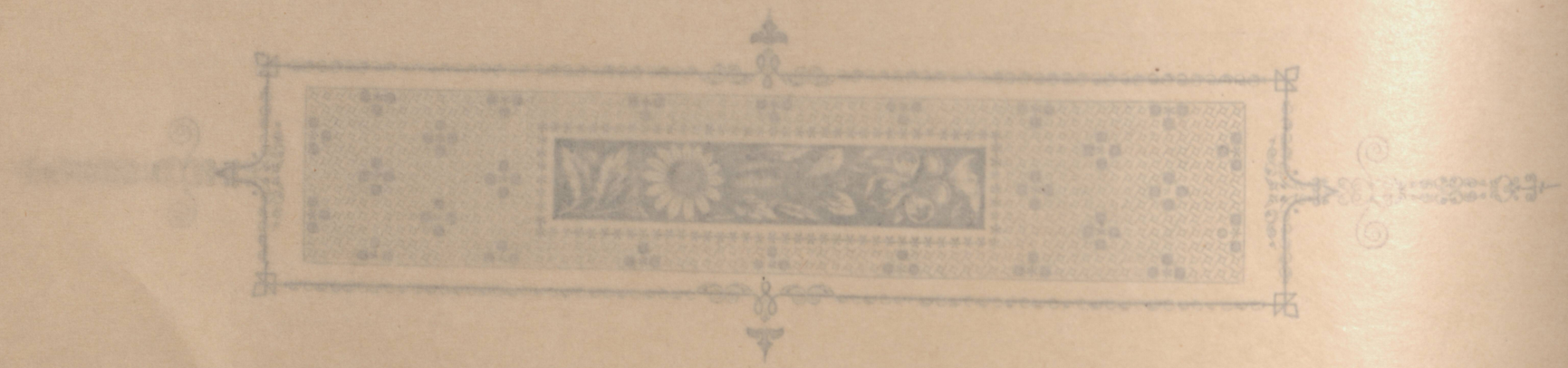
XIII.

General view of First Court-yard of Ieyasu's Shrine.



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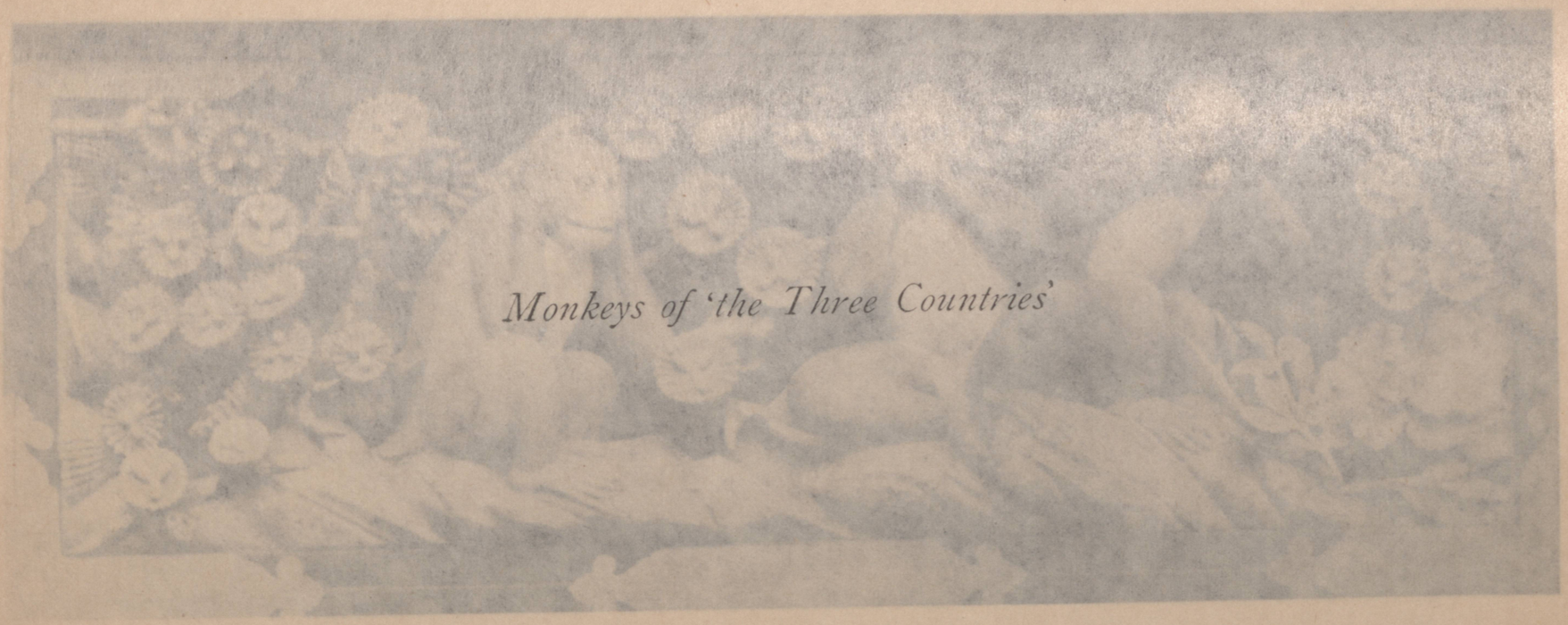

Monkeys of 'the Three Countries'

Nemuri-no-neko (Sleeping Cat).

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Monkeys of the Three Countries.

Namuru-no-mono (Sleeping Cat).

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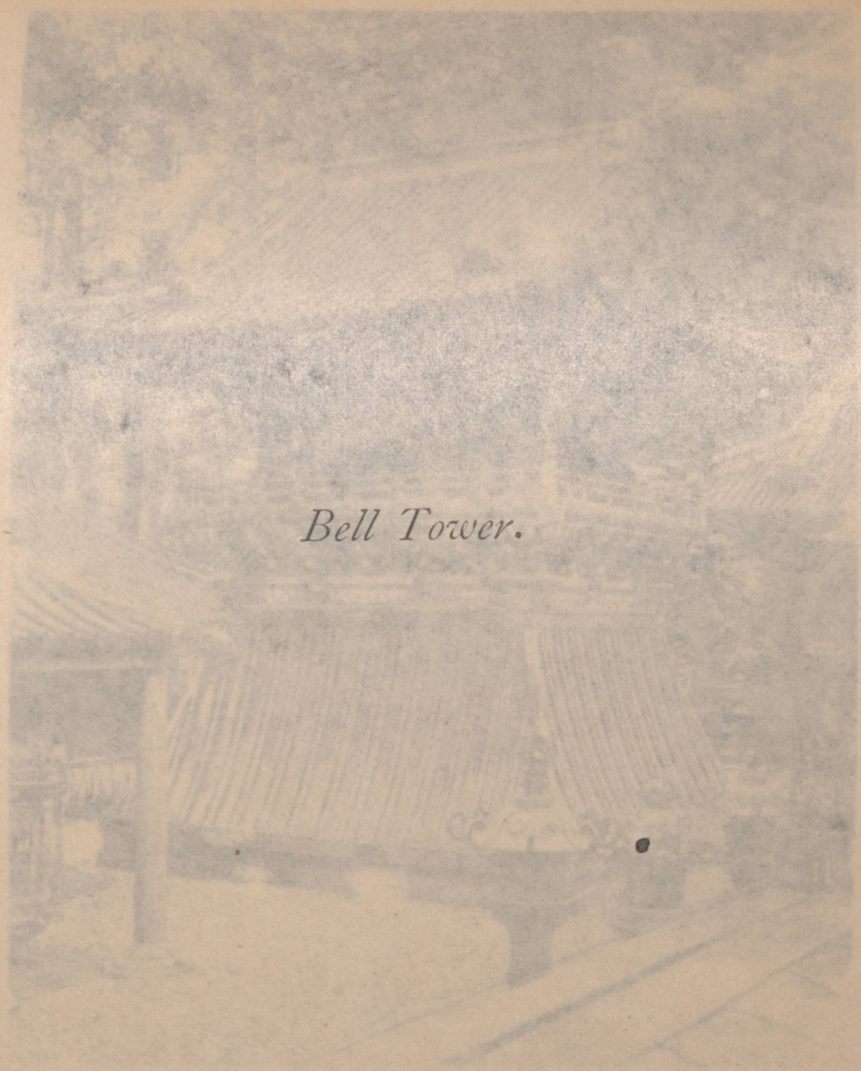
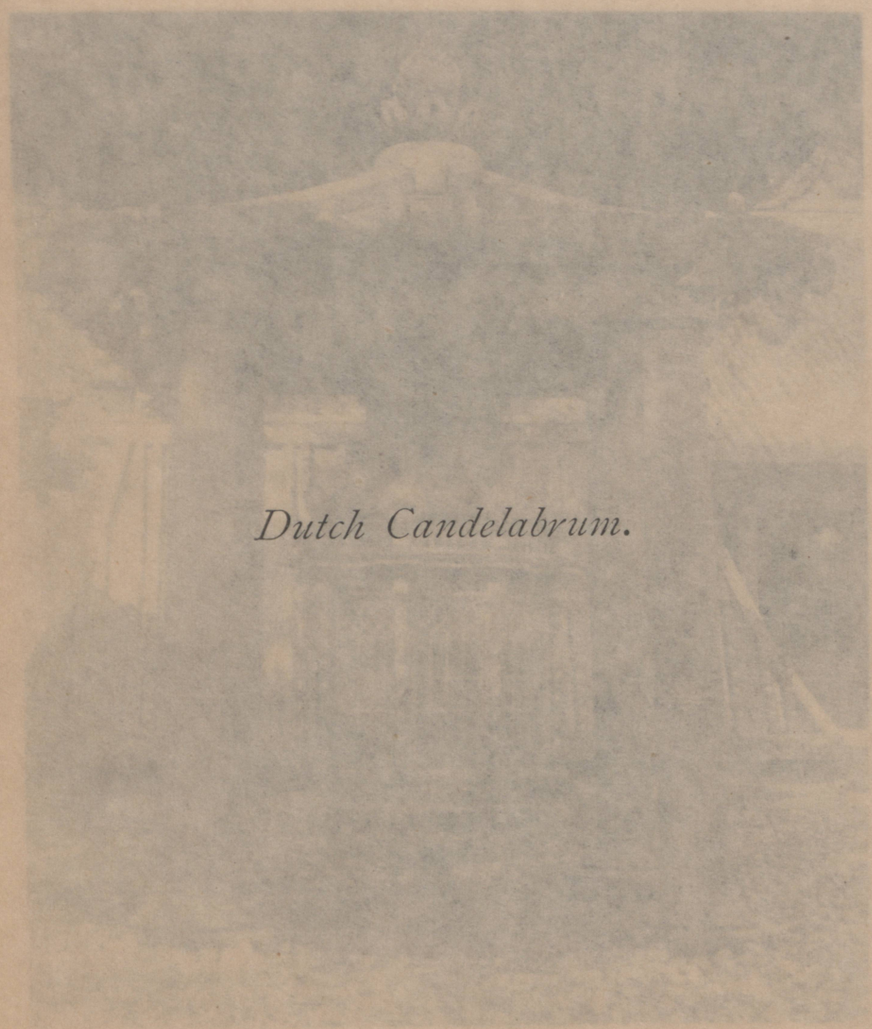
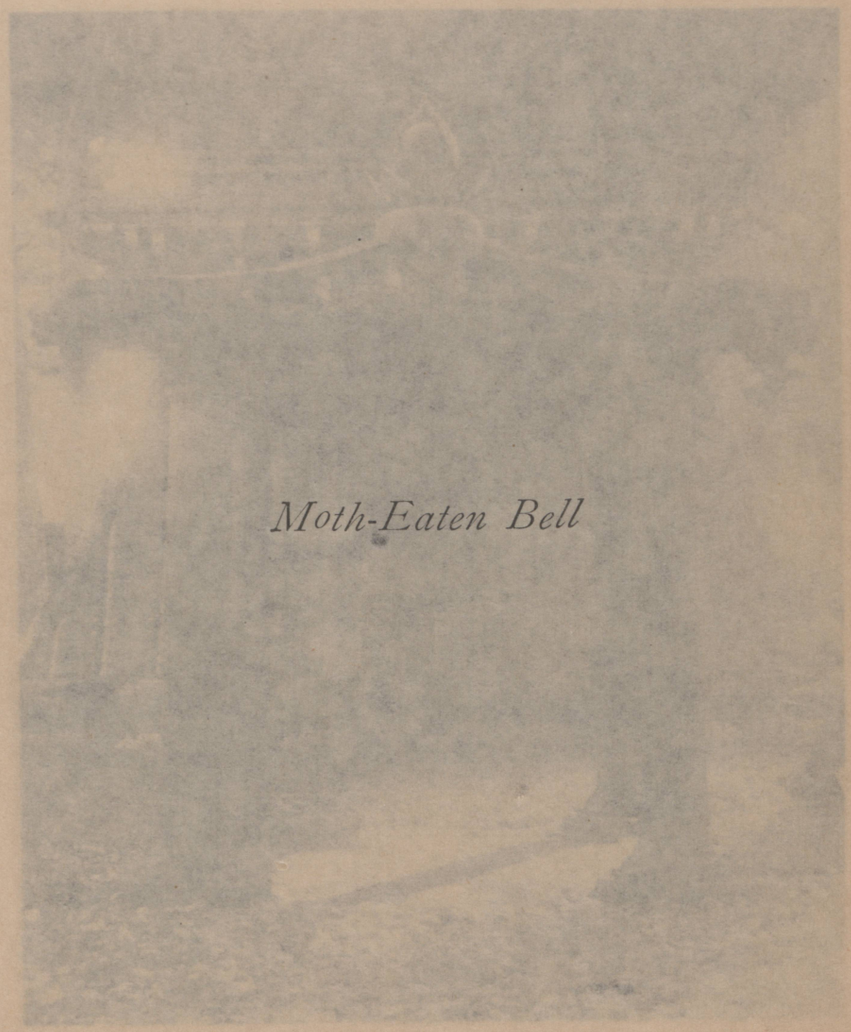
Drum Tower.



Bell Tower.



Dutch Candelabrum.



Moth-Eaten Bell

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XVI.

Yomei Gate.

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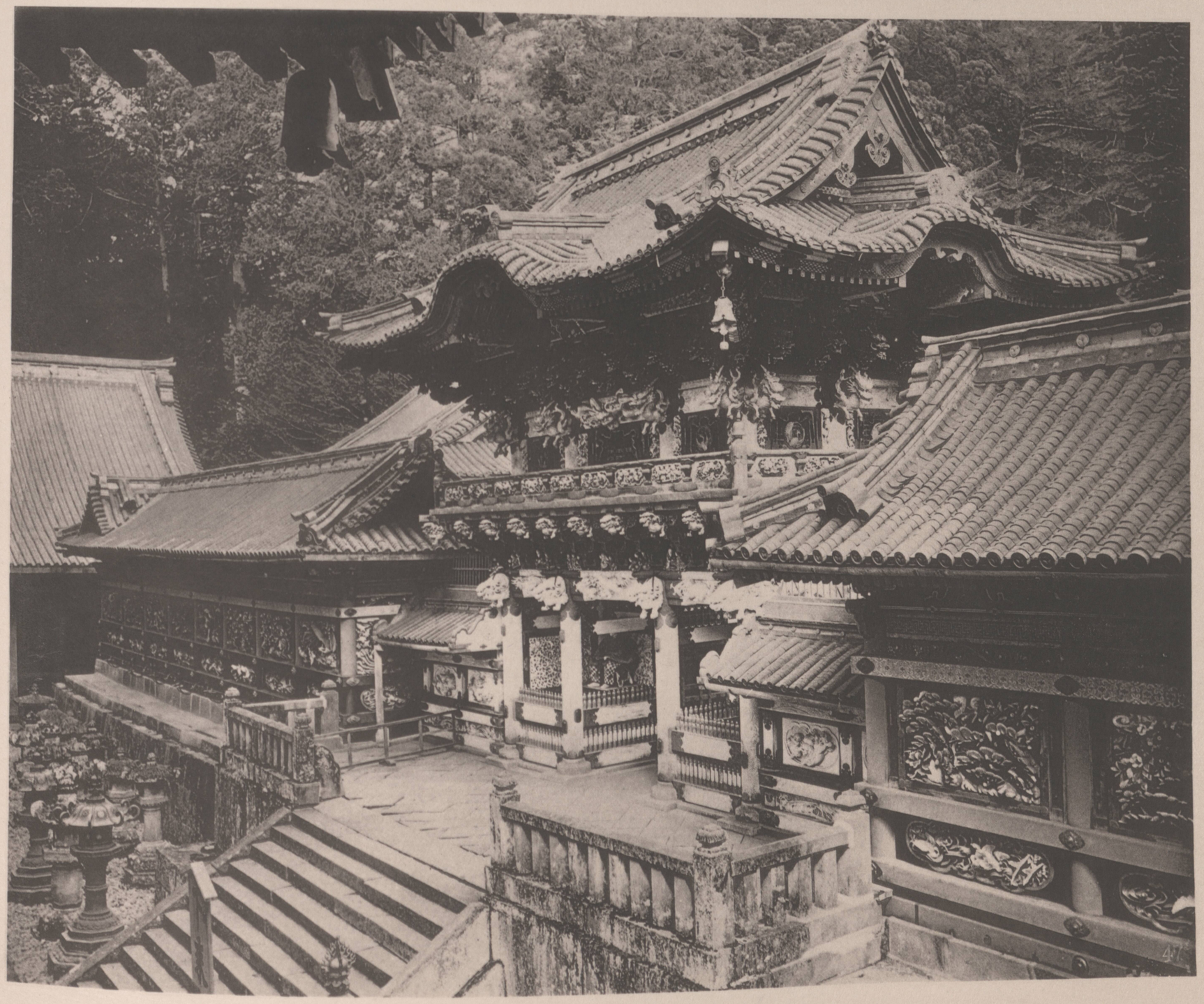

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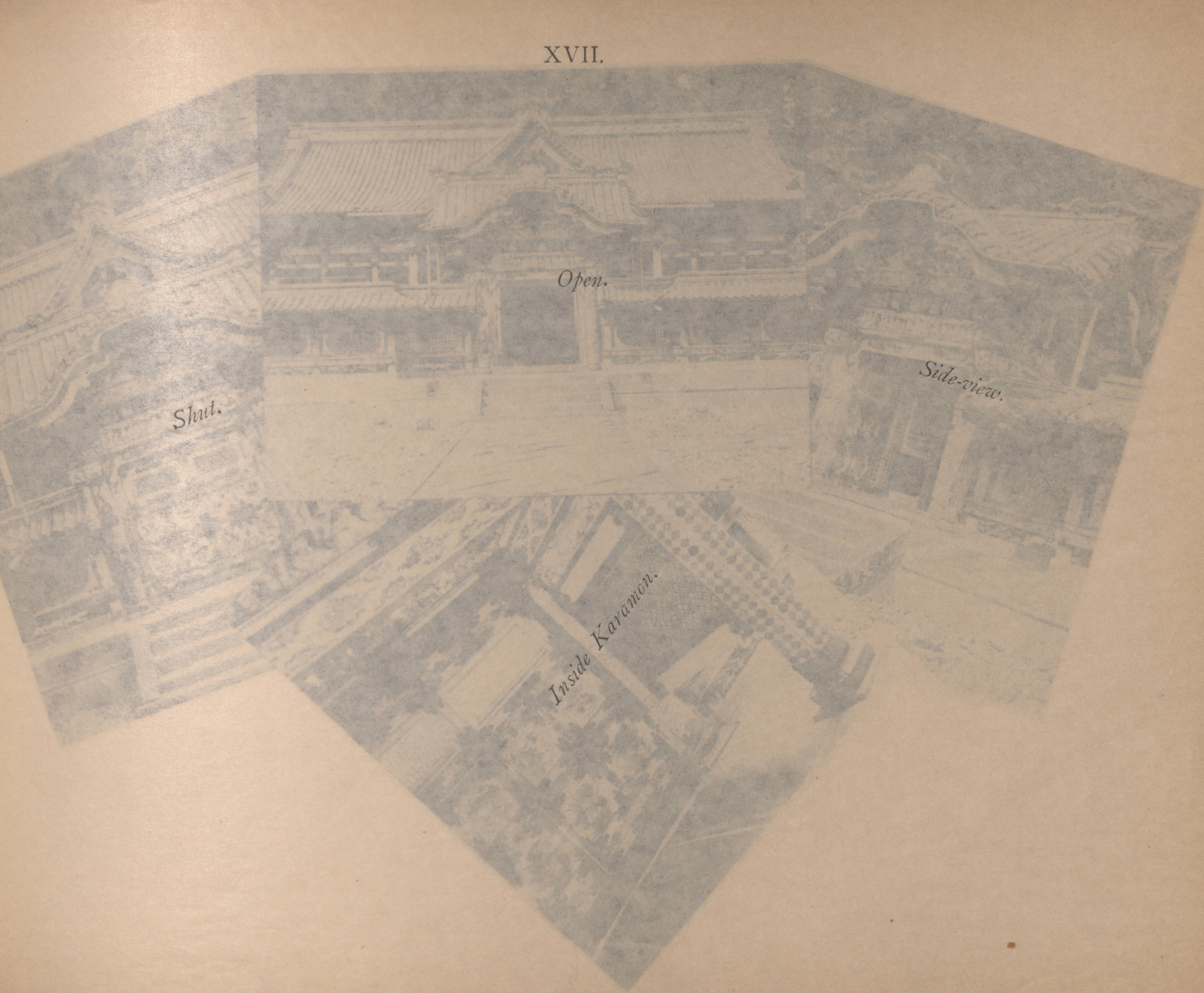
Open.
Shut.
Side-view.
Inside Karamon.

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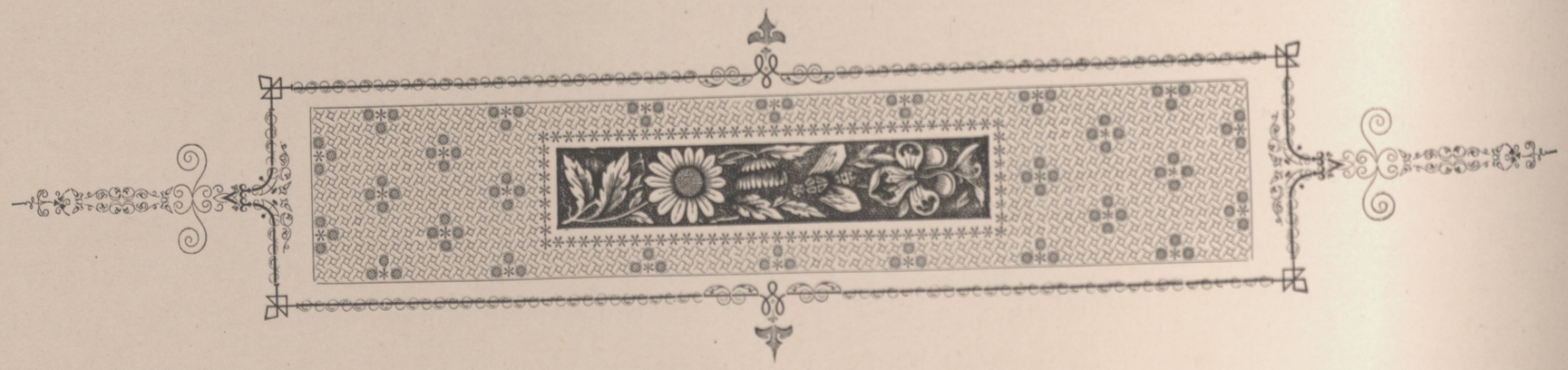
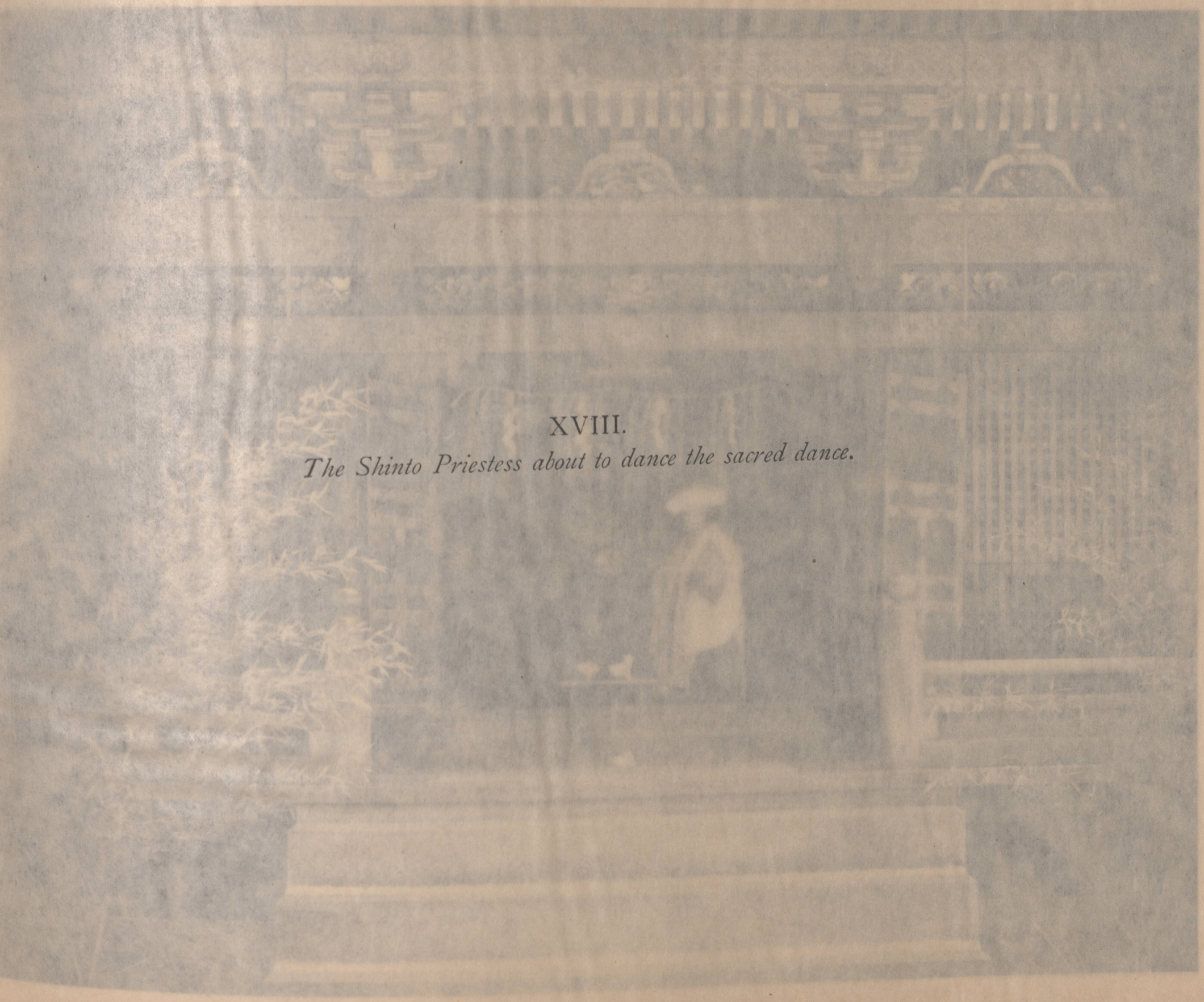
PLATE XVIII.

THIS cloistered court between the *Yōmei* gate and the *Karamon* now lies lonely and deserted from year's end to year's end, its silence all unbroken save by the pattering of the *geta* of the white-robed pilgrims that come to gape opened-mouthed upon the wonders of the shrine, and the monotonous gabble of the guide, reeling off his stale and unvarying discourse like an automaton or a puppet pulled by strings.

But less than thirty years ago this lone and silent courtyard was wont to be the scene of great doings. In the days when Buddhism was a power in the land, twice a year these cloisters witnessed all its solemn and gorgeous pomp, when with all the circumstance of its ritual—its beating drums and pealing bells, its altars smoking with incense, subdued and ghostly lights flickering within these close-barred cloisters, and the flutter of rustling brocade, the priests of the monastery came here in their hundreds to fill these hollows of the mountain side with solemn sound of their chanted petitions to Tōshōgū for the welfare of the land. But with the reascendancy of Shintō and the so-called purification of its shrines, it became Ichabod with Buddhism and all its display within the precincts of the shrine of Iyeyasu. And Shintō simplicity offers nothing as a substitute save the puppet-like posturing of the white-capped priestess in the *Kagurado*, or dancing-stage in the right-hand corner of the enclosure. Of course in connection with this, one feels that the eternal fitness of things calls for a modicum of romance, if not of reverence. But when we open our eyes to the fact that a five-*sen* piece is potent to evoke the repetition of this never-varying posturing and bell-shaking *usque ad nauseam*, in spite of ourselves our thoughts revert to the vulgarity of "Drop a penny in the slot." And when on the back of that we are informed that this Vestal Virgin, tolerably old and well-stricken in years, is perhaps "none so Virginal neither," being, as likely as not, well furnished forth with olive branches of her own in the village below, romance, and sentiment and a sense of reverence become alike impossible.

At the extreme right of the courtyard, over the gateway of the staircase to the Tomb, is Hidari Jingorō's far-famed *nemuri no neko* (sleeping cat). This is represented in the lower section of Plate XIV.





XVIII.

The Shinto Priestess about to dance the sacred dance.

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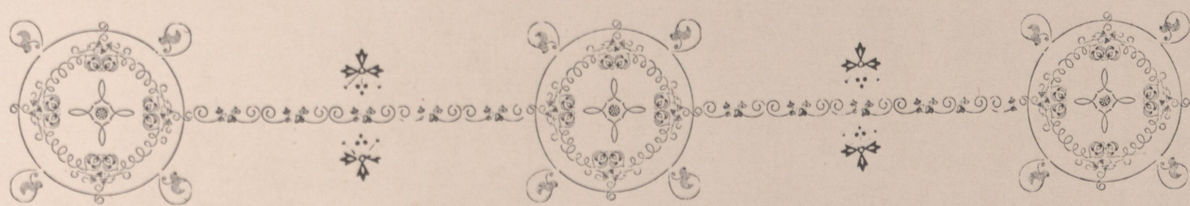
PLATES XIX., XX., XXI., XXII. & XXIII.

THESE Plates deal with the *Hai-den* or Oratory of the shrine of Iyeyasu, the building in the courtyard to which the *Karamon* gives access. Plate XIX. gives a side view of the interior of this *Hai-den*, while Plate XX. shews the interior. What strikes one most forcibly here is the simplicity of its furnishings. This is in accordance with the severity of the Shintō cult; some idea of what this interior looked like thirty years ago will be got by glancing at the rich Buddhistic insignia in the Oratory of the shrine of Iyemitsu (Plates XXIX. and XXX.)

Plates XXI., XXII. and XXIII. are from the panels of the two *O-ai-no-ma*, or ante-chambers on the right and left of the *Hai-den* of Iyeyasu's shrine. "The ante-chamber on the right, which was intended for the head of the Tokugawa family, contains pictures of *Ki-rin* on a gold ground and four carved oaken panels 8 ft. high by 6 ft. wide. The subjects are the Chinese phœnix variously treated, and appear at first sight to be in low relief; but on closer examination it will be discovered that the figures are formed of various woods glued on to the surface of the panel . . . . . The opposite ante-chamber has the same number of panels, the subjects of which are eagles very spiritedly executed."



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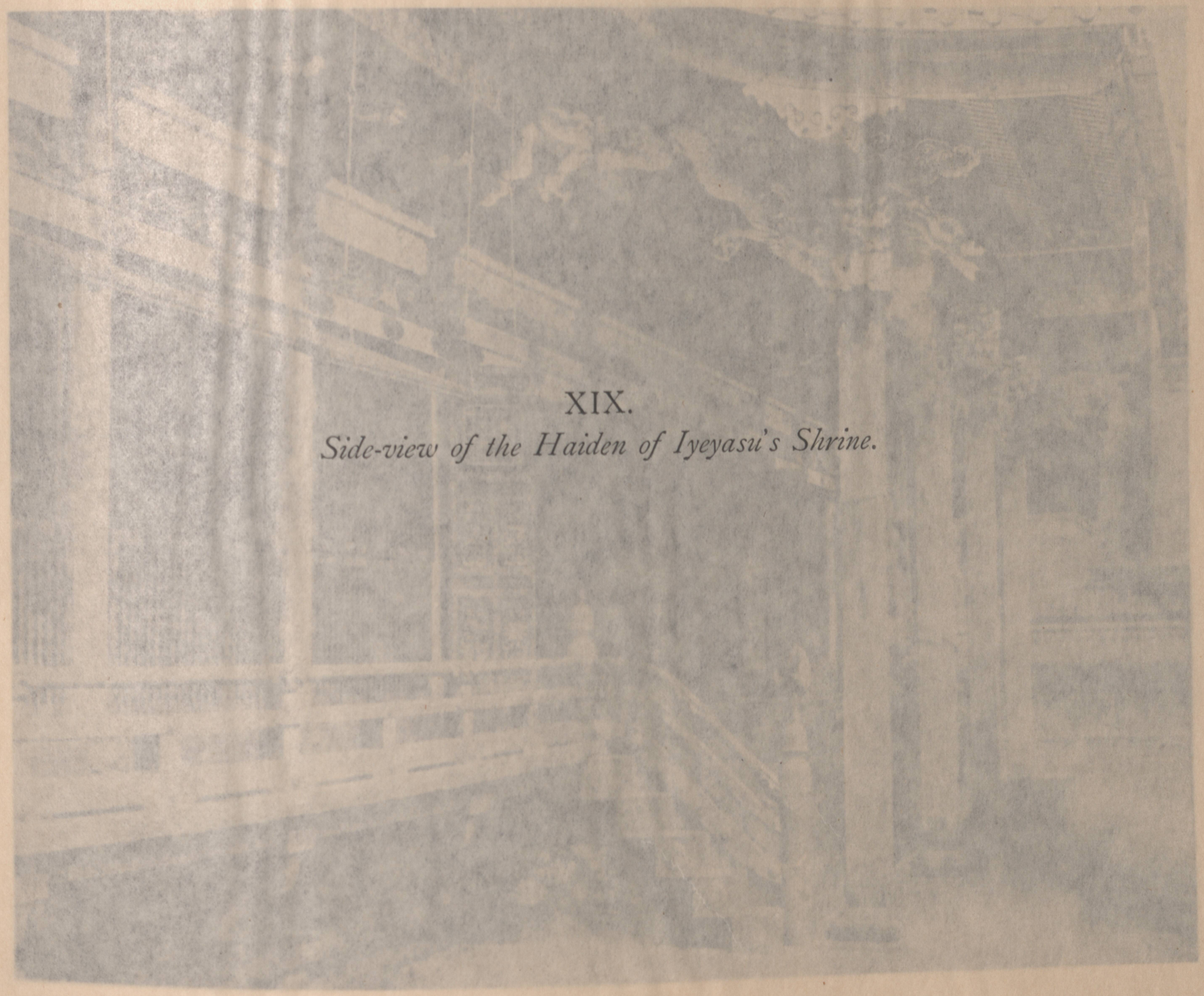

XIX.

Side-view of the Haiden of Iyeyasu's Shrine.

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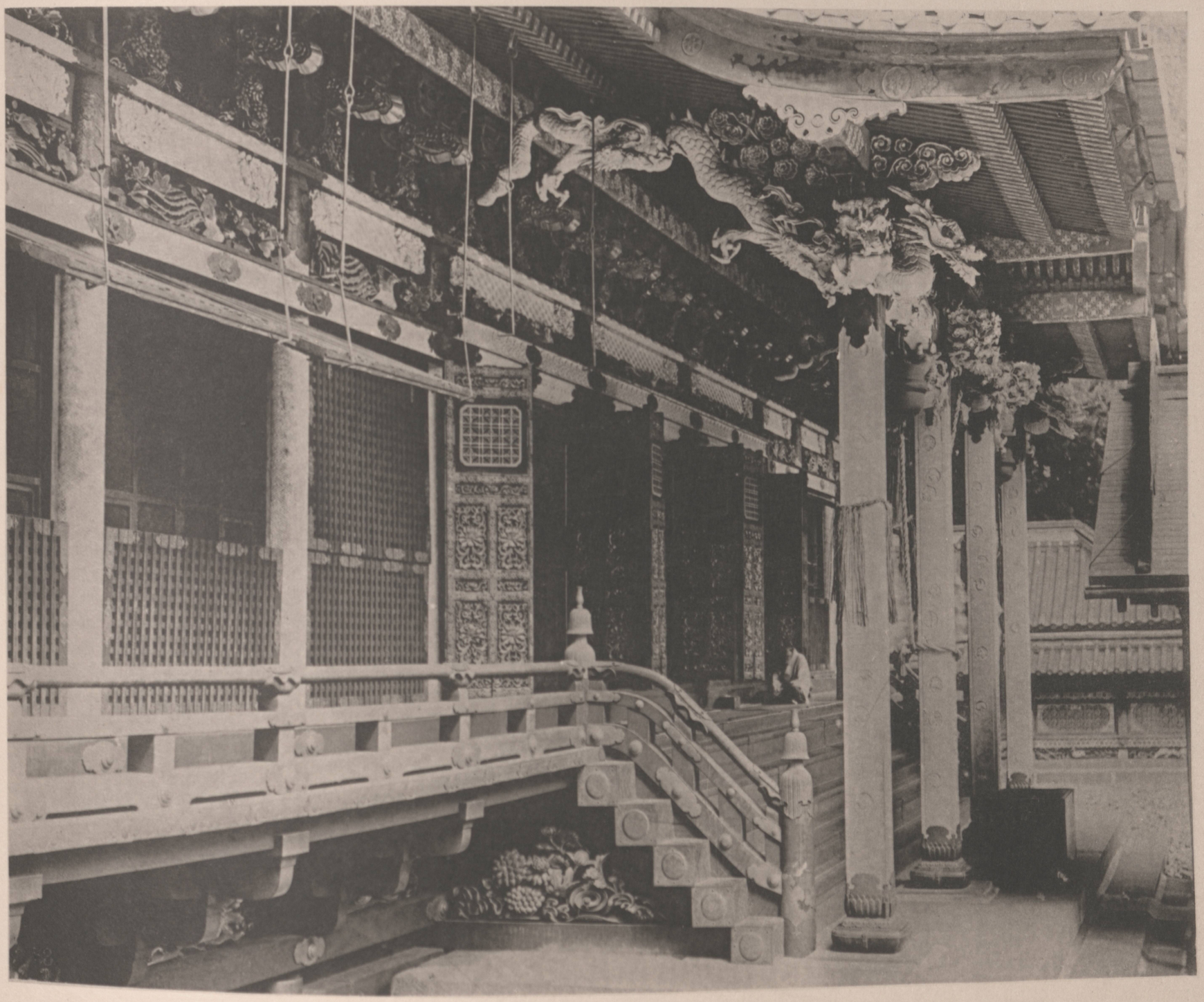
XIX.

Side-view of the Maiden of Iyeyasu's Shrine.



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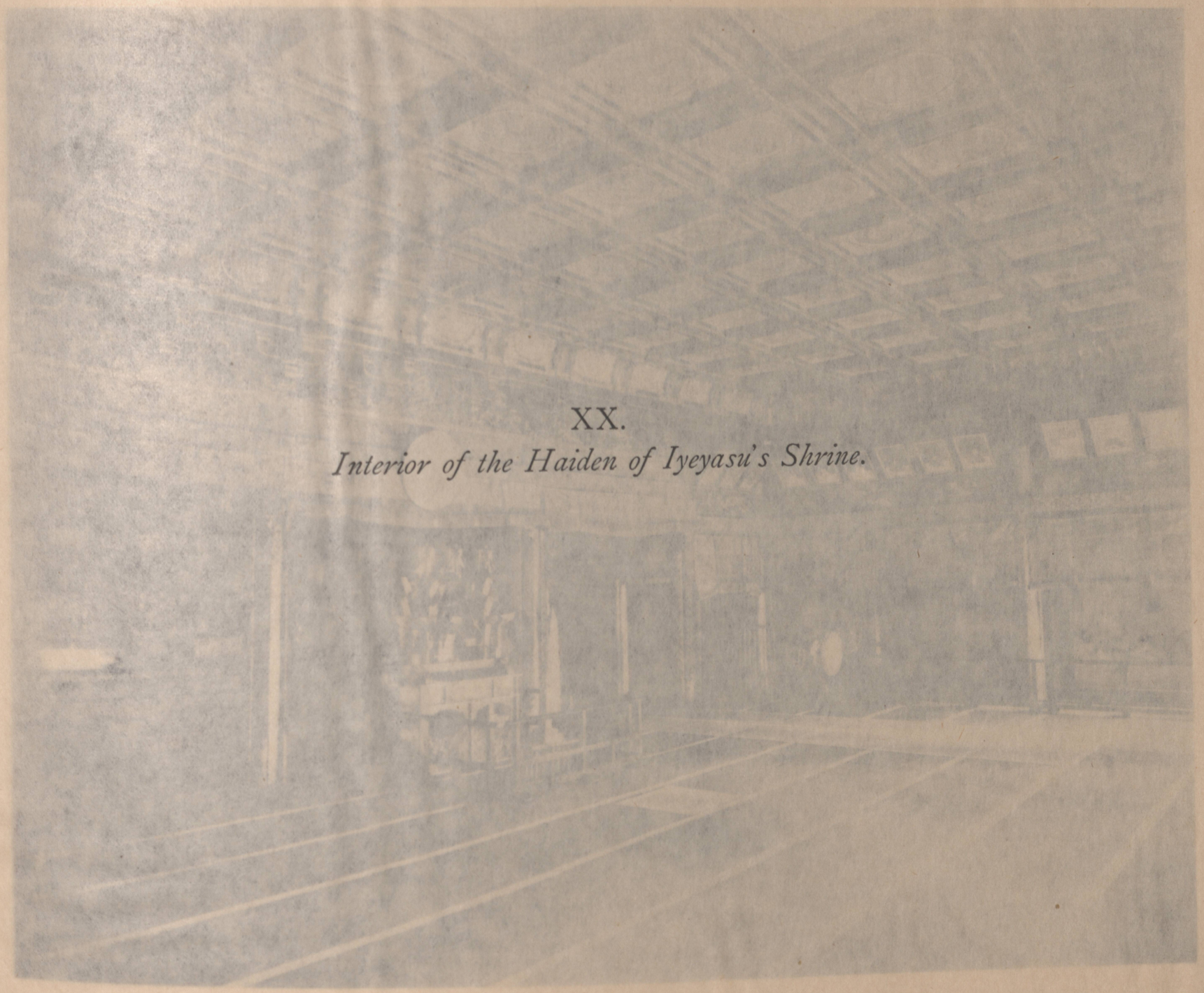

XX.

Interior of the Haiden of Iyeyasu's Shrine.

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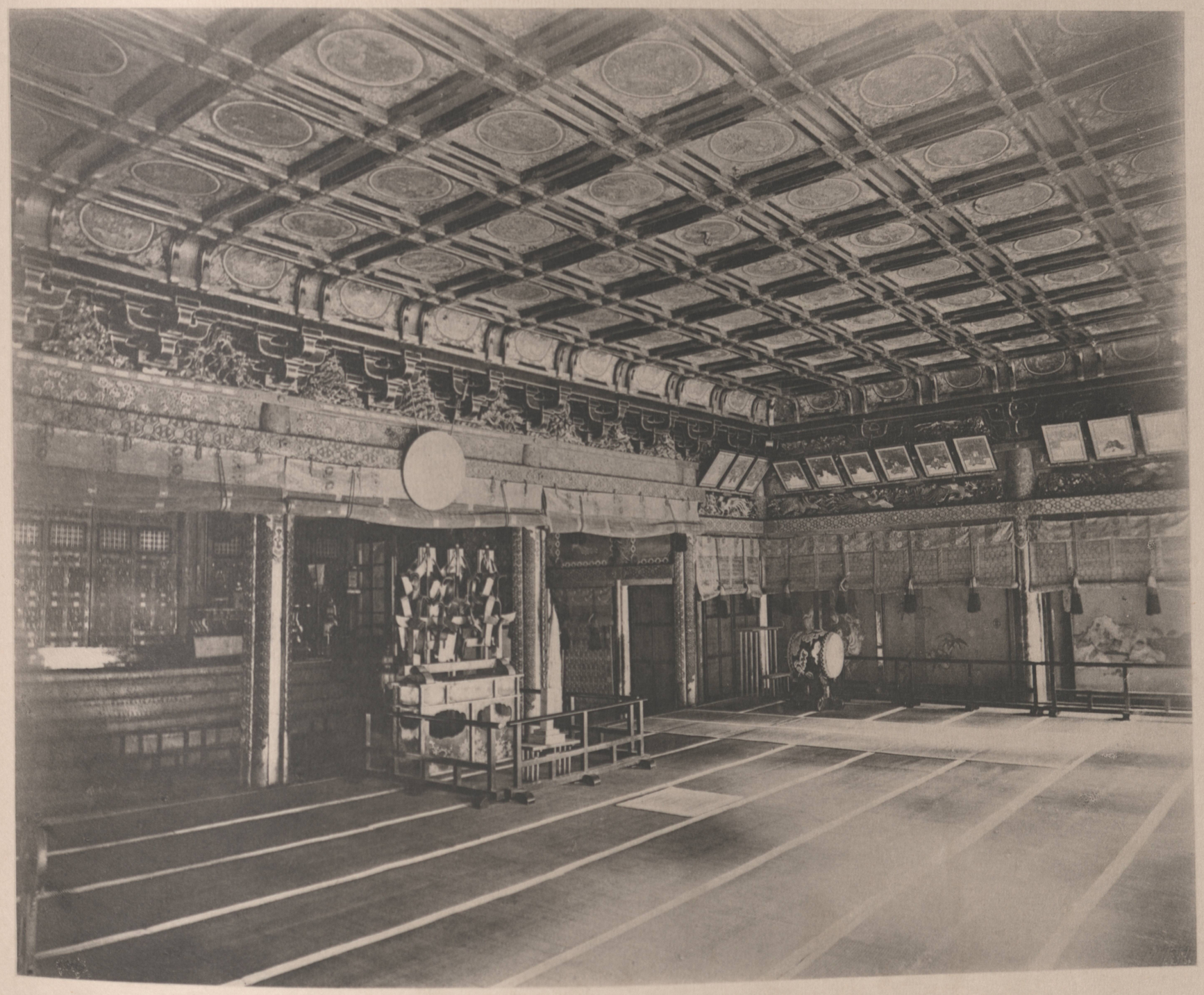

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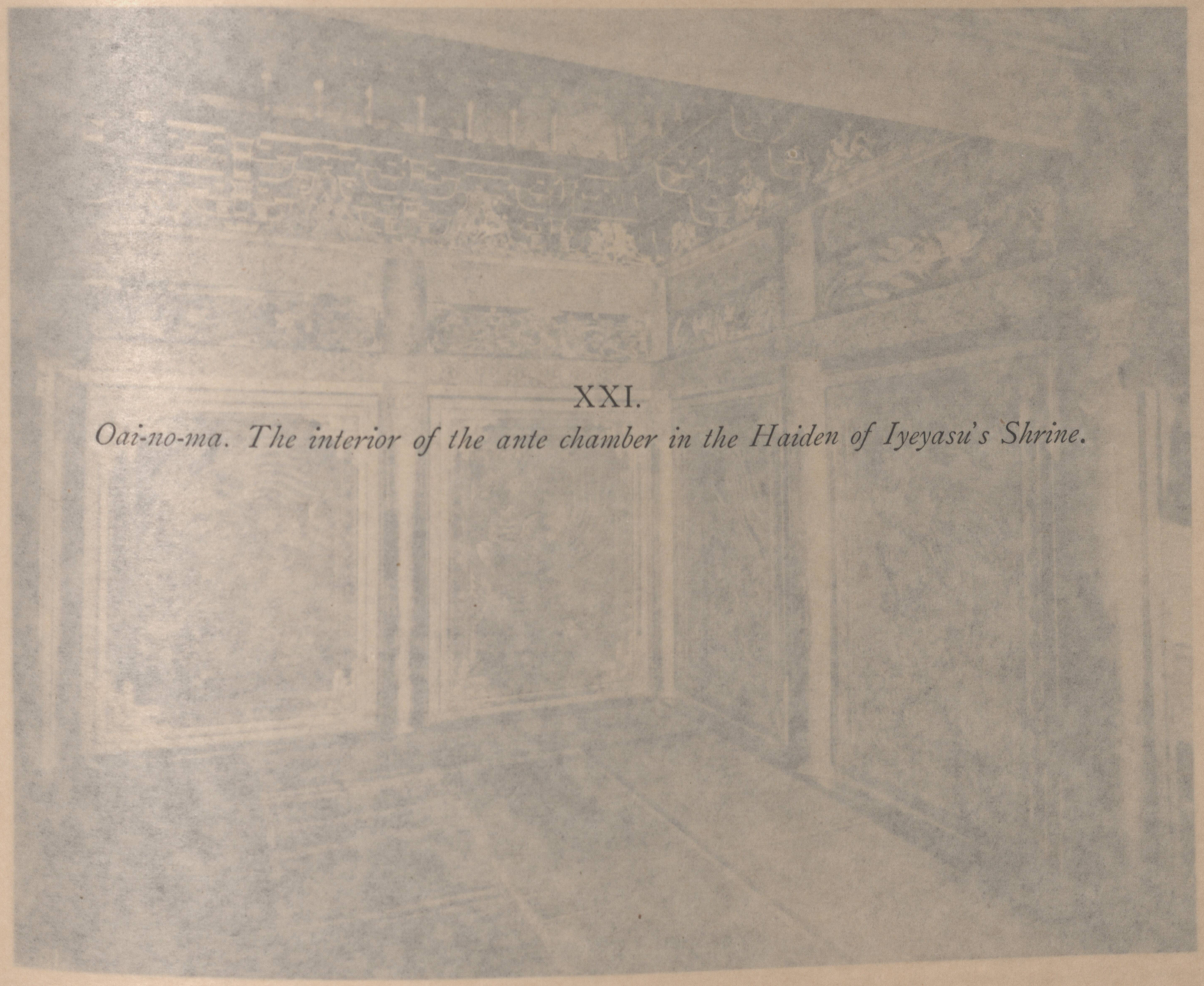

XXI.

Oai-no-ma. The interior of the ante chamber in the Haiden of Iyeyasu's Shrine.

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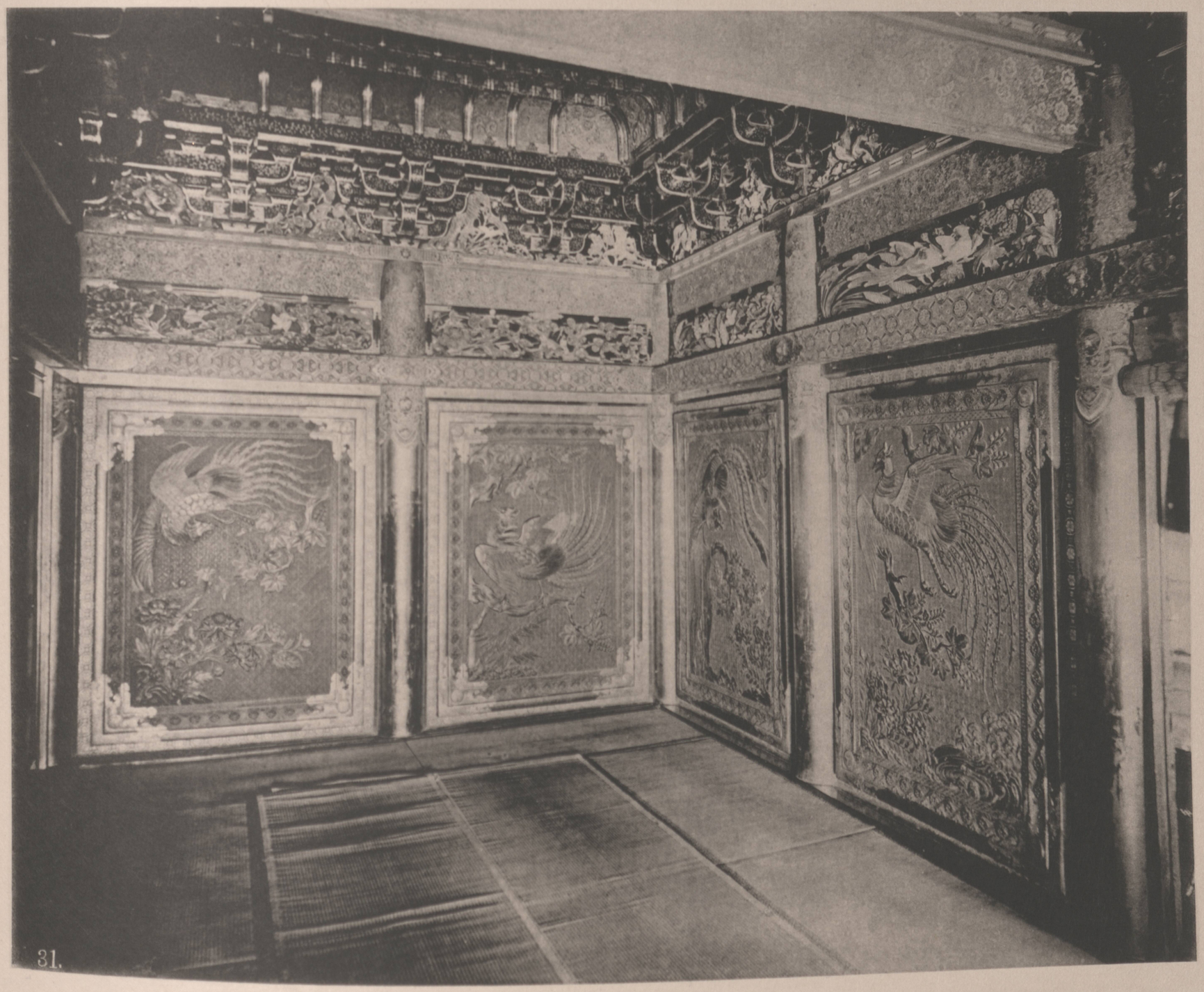

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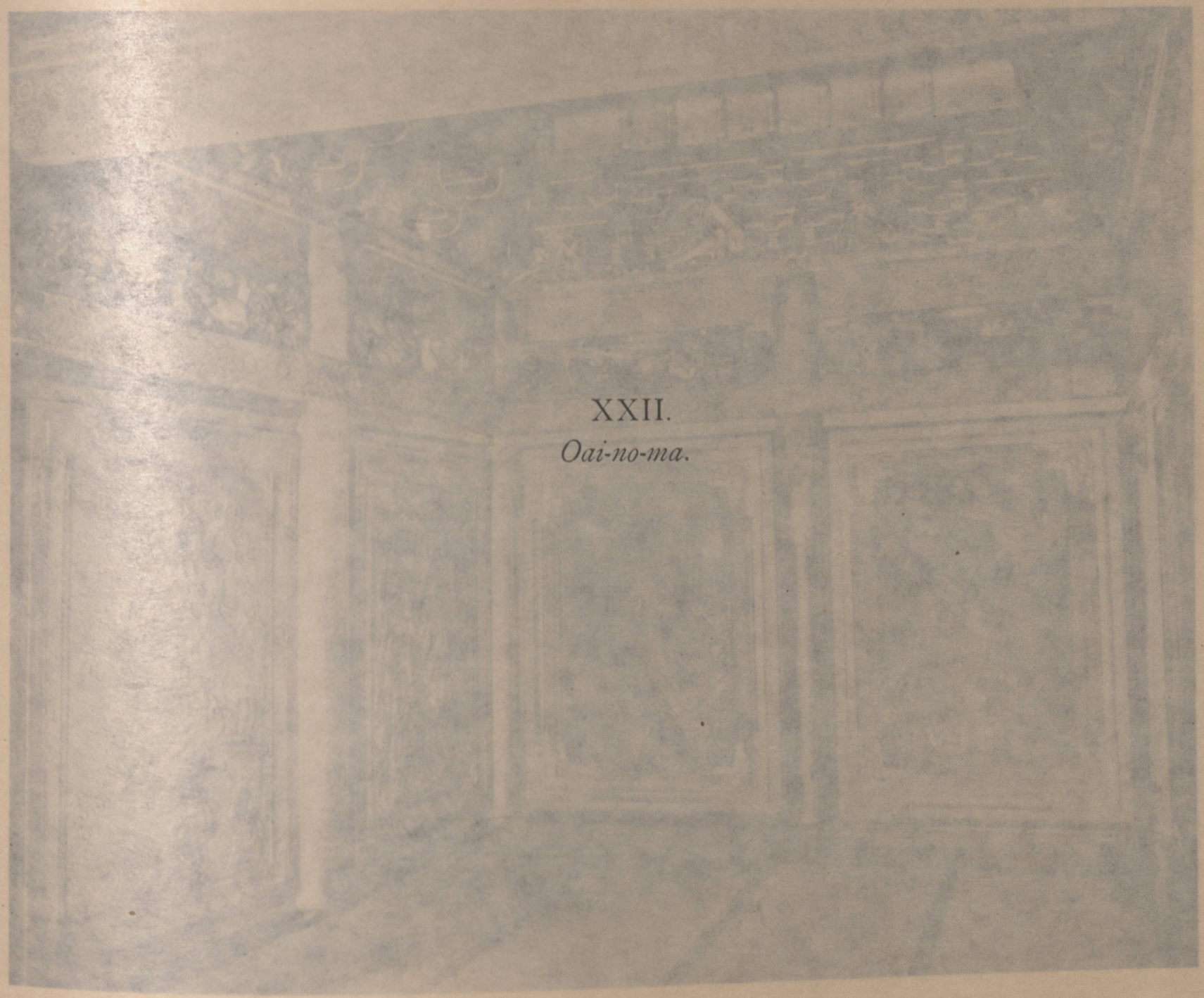

XXII.

Oai-no-ma.

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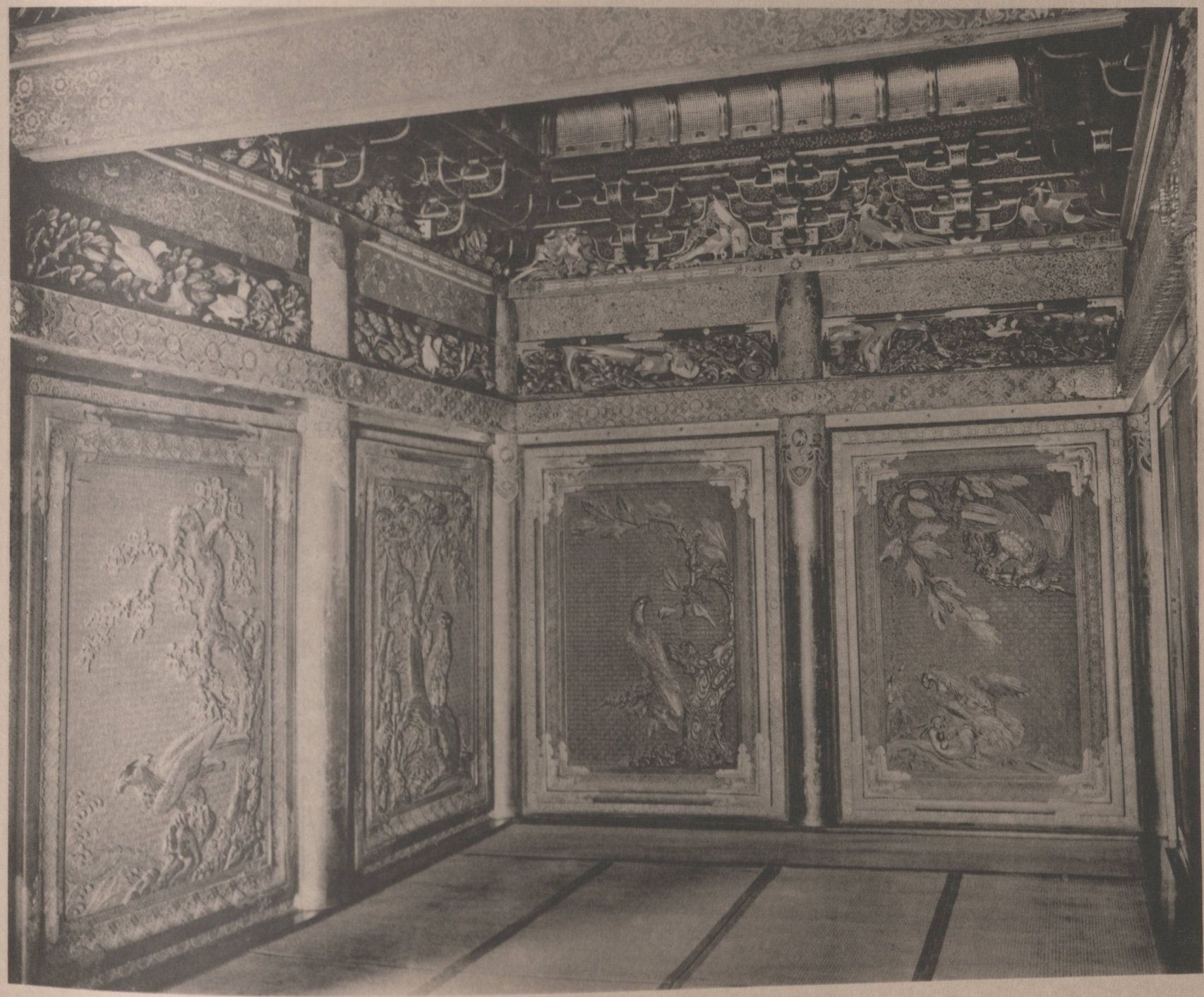

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XXIII.

Panels of Oai-no-ma.

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PLATES XXIV. & XXV.

IT is extremely difficult to get any one general view of this cluster of buildings by reason of the trees and foliage that almost everywhere interfere with the prospect. Perhaps the best point of vantage is from the steep face of the wooded slope immediately below the Tomb. This is the aspect given in Plate XXIV., where the *Yōmei* gate forms the centre-piece. Usually the metal-work on the roof shows unduly white in a photograph; at the time this photograph was taken, however, the roofs were nearly all shrouded under a snow-fall.

The approach to the Tomb is by a long and solid stairway of stone, flanked by low walls on either side, steps and walls alike green with the gathered moss of ages. And here in truth the traveller feels that he is face to face with something entirely different from what meets him in this Japan of the Meiji era, of this epoch of so-called "enlightenment" whose dominant characteristic seems to be the cheap and flimsy of competitive industrialism with its sordid and heartless scramble for *yen* and *sen*. For one feels that this stairway was built to last; that in old Japan there was such a thing as massive grandeur.

And this feeling does not abate when we reach the Tomb itself, in spite of all its stern and grim simplicity. Of course this Tomb has been the cause of much outpouring of ink, but yet it may well be doubted if any one has said anything more appropriate of it than what Mitford wrote of the Tombs of its tenant's descendants in the Mausolea of Shiba:—"It has always struck me that there is no small amount of poetical feeling in this simple ending to so much magnificence; the sermon may have been preached by design, or it may have been by accident, but the lesson is there."

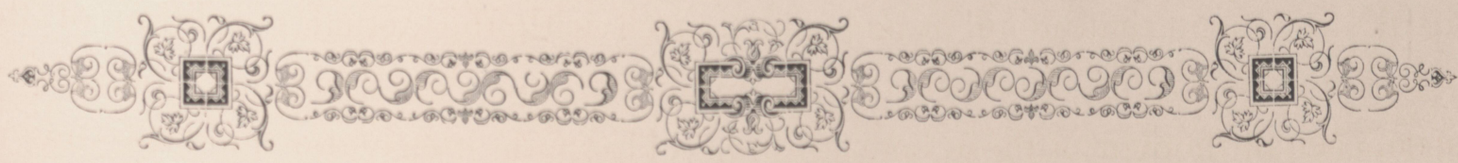
Naturally even the wanderer from afar as he stands here will ask himself what manner of man the occupant of this Tomb was—this Iyeyasu who has perhaps impressed the Japanese nation with a keener sense of his greatness than has any other man born within the limits of the land. Unfortunately, although scarce three

centuries have passed since he was laid to rest here, the details of his life are anything but well known. Especially so of his early years; for these were times of hardship and misfortune, times when none suspected the latent greatness of the man. For his was a nature that was slow in developing, a nature with nothing of the Hannibal or the Scipio, or the Alexander, or the Napoleon in it. He seems to have been more akin to Constantine, —only a greater and a better man, for while fully the equal of the Founder of Constantinople in organising ability, he had in a great measure that which Constantine sadly lacked,—sincerity, to wit. For there was not one jot or tittle of the sham or empty simulacrum in Iyeyasu. So much at least appears from the various anecdotes that have come down to us about him, and still more so from Rai Sanyō's somewhat disjointed sketch of his character. The Historian of Japan limns him as follows:—Iyeyasu was a man who had at once a humane and a candid disposition and a great purpose in life. He made use of men with the wisdom of a god. He was eager to acquire knowledge and above all had set his mind upon a mastery of the principles of government. He was kindly towards his fellow-men, and was wont to consult them and to use their advice to great purpose. And in stablishing the state, he had in view not merely what his own day and times demanded, but also what would suit the generations then unborn. His loyalty to the Emperor was undoubted; for he plainly regarded the preservation of the national prosperity as a thing for which he was personally responsible. Economical to a degree, he never indulged in vain display. Farmers and peasants he held in high esteem, and could boast an intimate acquaintance with their affairs. And as for his hunting excursions, they were undertaken partly for recreation, and partly to the end that he might acquaint himself with the actual condition of the hinds and of their land. And as for governing, he ever set his mind not upon crushing, but upon fostering the spirit of energy and independence of thought in those beneath him. He made it easy for men of low degree to speak

their minds whenever they pleased. And he set his face hard against all flattery, and trimming and plausibility of speech and manner. There is a story that in his youth he was once offered as a present a shrike, which is known as "the hundred-tongued bird." But he refused the gift saying, "I have heard it said that persons who expect to become leaders of men should avoid plausible things, and this hundred-tongued bird is certainly one of them."

So far the author of the *Nihon Gai Shi*. And all the scraps of incident and anecdote that have been put on record about the Founder of the Tokugawa power fully seem to bear out this estimate. A man of solid rather than of brilliant parts, or if brilliant, then brilliant not from mere surface-polish, but from real sterling inner worth. Of the muchly over-rated minor accomplishments Iyeyasu was no master; he was meant for better things than scribbling inane Chinese versicles, or presiding as high-priest at silly *Cha-no-yu* parties, or dancing, as it was the wont of the finical and effeminate Court-nobles to dance. He was born to do a man's work, and he did it.

Yet in his extreme old age, when retired from the turmoil of active life, he did not disdain to sacrifice to the arts. The original of the frontispiece, a portrait of himself at the age of seventy-one, is said with good reason to be his own very handiwork. At all events Mr. Shigeno, the Chief of the Historiographical Bureau, is inclined to believe it genuine, and his authority is exceedingly weighty.



*3.0.2.

XXIV.

General view of the Shrine from beneath the Tomb.

*3.0.7.

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XXV.

Tomb of Iyeyasu.

*3.0.6

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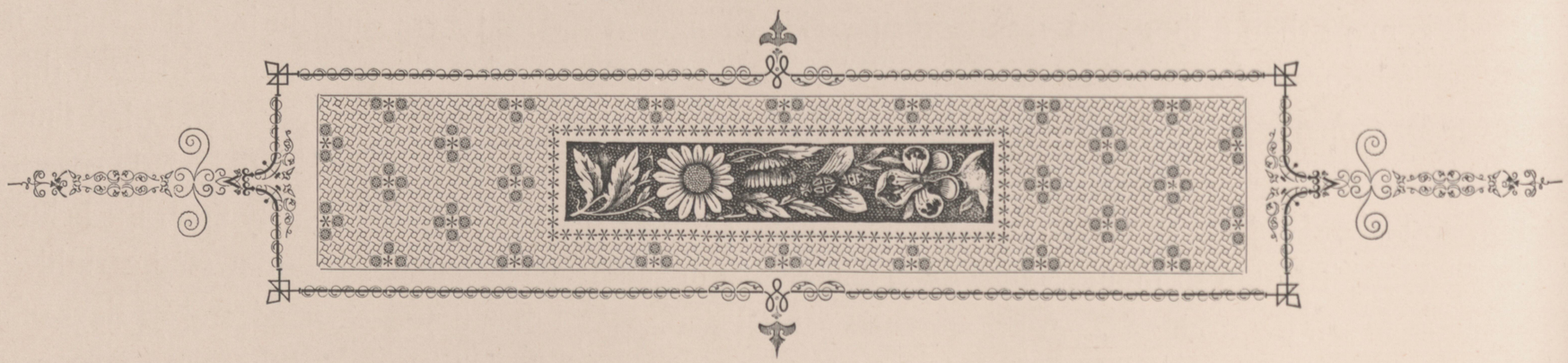
PLATE XXVI.

ON turning down the cool and shady avenue to the left as we leave the Mausoleum of Iyeyasu, we pass through a bronze *torii* with its five *Tomoye*-crests standing out in bold relief upon its sombre black, and find ourselves on a wide open space. The hill-side has here been cut away and levelled, and the shady cryptomeria aisle gives place to the open vault of heaven. Not that the place is hot and scorching; the great umbrageous *sugi* ring it round in such wise that when the sun is low their shadows fall full across the pebbly courtyard. In this courtyard stands Futaara-Jinja, erstwhile known as Shin-gū, or the New Shrine. This name it bore to distinguish it from the Hongū or original shrine reared by Shōdō Shōnin on the margin of Chiusenji, to the local deities who graciously came before the worthy man, promising to make the weal of mortals and the cult of Buddha their own especial care.

It is more than a thousand years ago since this Shingū was placed here and during that space it has seen altered fortunes. Local pride or piety will have it that it was owing to the prayers offered upon this spot that the Mongol men were so utterly destroyed at Hakata, six hundred and twelve years ago, what time they came to bring Dai Nippon under the yoke of the descendants of Zinghis, even as they had the whole coast of the continent, and islands of the Southern Sea. Then the cruel Ashikaga times pressed heavily upon the belongings of the shrine, and it began to moulder into dust, and what time and rapine spared fell a prey to the ruthlessness of Nobunaga, sworn foe to the shaven priests, and of the Taikō. And then things changed, and its days of glory dawned with the bringing of the ashes of Iyeyasu from Kunō-san. It will be noticed that the *haiden* and the *honsha* of the shrine present a wondrous contrast. The former stands for the most part plain and unadorned as is the wont with Shintō sanctuaries, the latter behind is a-blaze with gilding on its roof and beams, and magnificent in its wood-work and richly blended colouring.

To the right, in front under the spreading cedar-boughs stands the *Kaguradō*, or Dancing-stage with its retroussé moss-covered roof, its *gohei*, and its plain *keyaki* wood-work unstained by paint or lacquer. At the back of this hangs the *gohei*, and in front, in *shimo*-robes, sits the priestess, aged but smiling. A five-cent piece will rouse her, fan in hand, to go through the slow and clumsy posturing that is called dancing in the courtyards of Shintō shrines.



XXVI.

Futaara-Finja.

To the right, in front under the spreading cedar-boughs stands the *Kagurado*, or Dancing-stage with its retroussé moss-covered roof, its *gohei*, and its plain *keyaki* wood-work unstained by paint or lacquer. At the back of this hangs the *gohei*, and in front, in *shimo*-robes, sits the priestess, aged but smiling. A five-cent piece will rouse her, fan in hand, to go through the slow and clumsy posturing that is called dancing in the courtyards of Shinto shrines.

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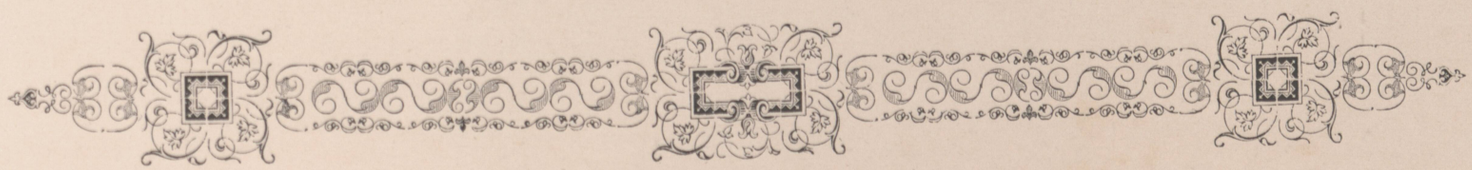
PLATES XXVII.–XXXII.

THESE six plates all deal with the shrine of Iyemitsu. Plate XXVII. has for its centre-piece the *Niten-mon*, with the exterior of the *Haiden* of the shrine on the left, and the *Yasha-mon* on the right.

In Plate XXVIII. we have *Futen* and *Raiden*, the Wind-God and the Thunder-God of Japan. They occupy the inner niches of the *Niten* gate,—*Futen*, the Aeolus of Japan, with his three-fingered fist clutching the sack wherein he bears the wind, his grimacing ugliness painted a garish green. His companion *Raiden* in the opposite niche all but outdoes him in night-marish hideousness. And these are fair samples of the style of loveliness Japanese mythology discloses. Its leading characteristic is the grotesque, if not the actually repulsive and deformed. Sublimity and beauty are alike practically unknown to it. Japanese art *may* possibly be superior to Western art, as certain well-meaning enthusiasts would have us all humbly believe; yet one cannot help feeling that its *Raidens* with their halos of drums make but a poor shewing alongside the Olympian Jove. It is when we come to the matter of mythology and the inspiration it has afforded to the sculptor, that we recognize most clearly the far cry it is from Japan to Ancient Hellas.

Plates XXIX. and XXX. are reproductions of the Interior of the Oratory of the shrine. However they fail to do justice to the elements of lustre and colour, which are in no small measure responsible for the magnificence of the place. An attempt to do justice to this colouring has been made in Plate XXXI. This wood-cut is an exact reproduction of one section of this oratory.

Plate XXXII. is from a Photograph of the door of the Oratory when shut.



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Shrine of Iyemitsu.

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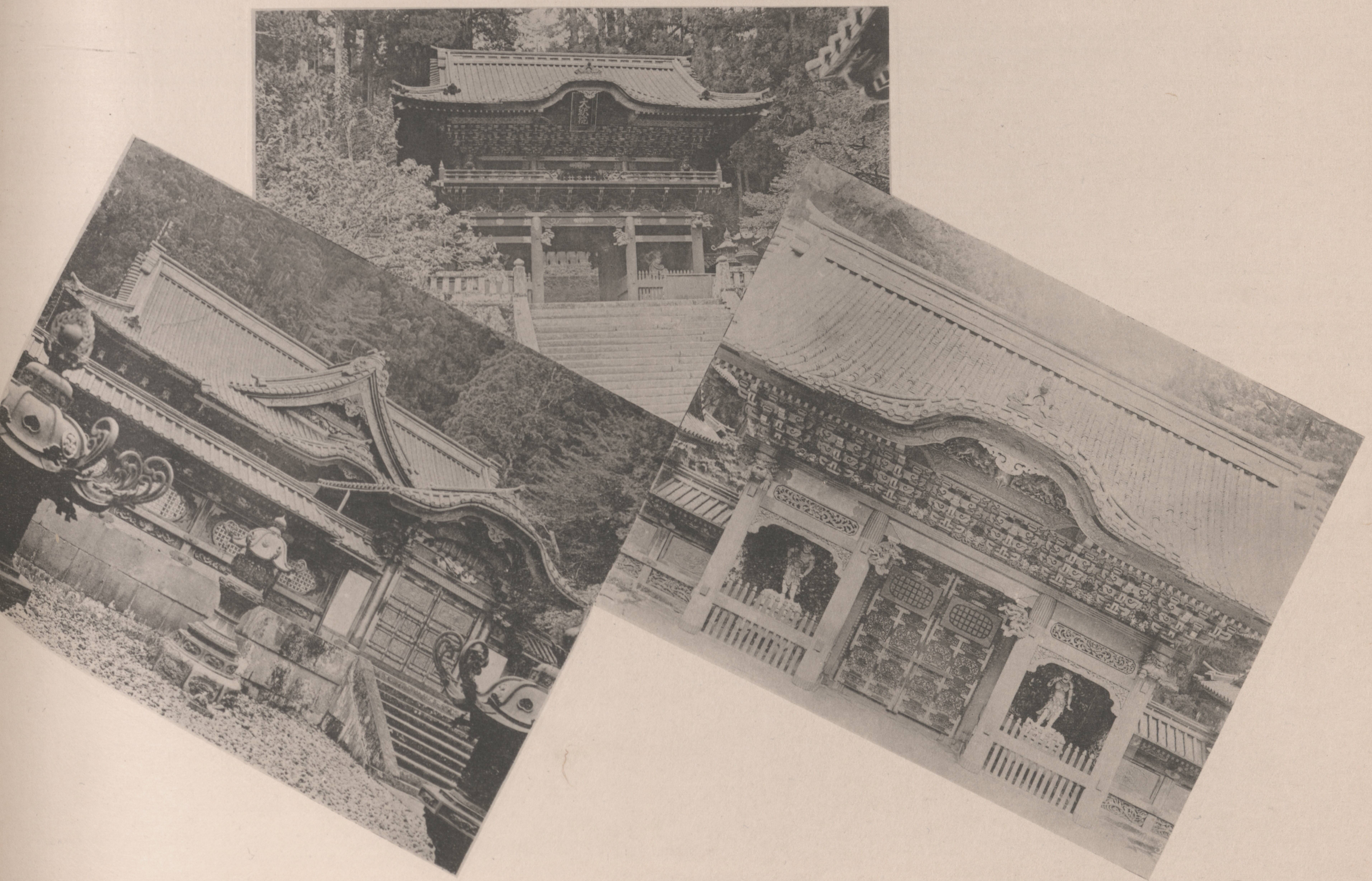

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XXVIII.

Fu-jin.

Rai-jin.

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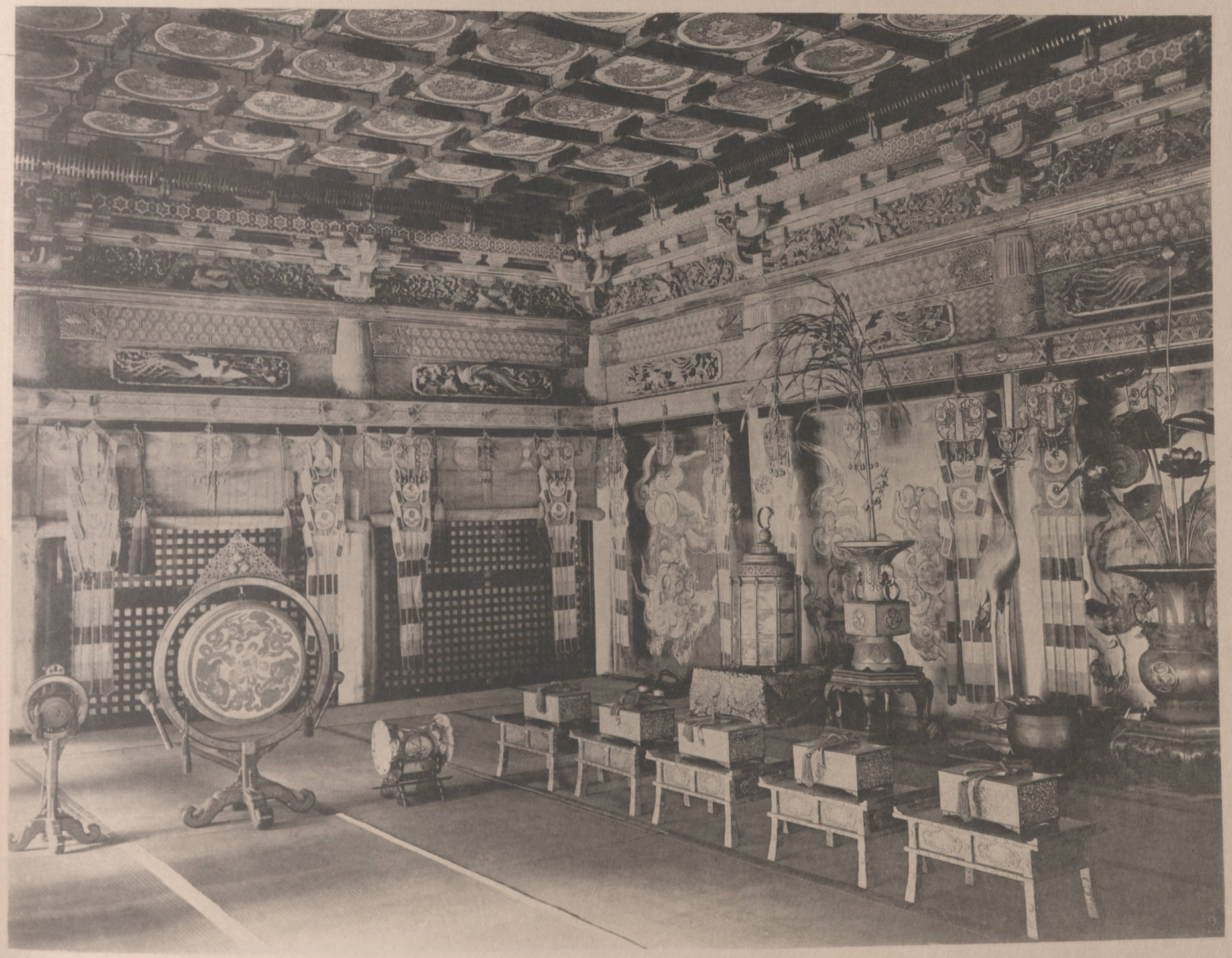
XXIX.

Interior of Haiden of Shrine of Iyemitsu.

XXIX.

Interior of Hindoo of Shrine of Jeswulsu.



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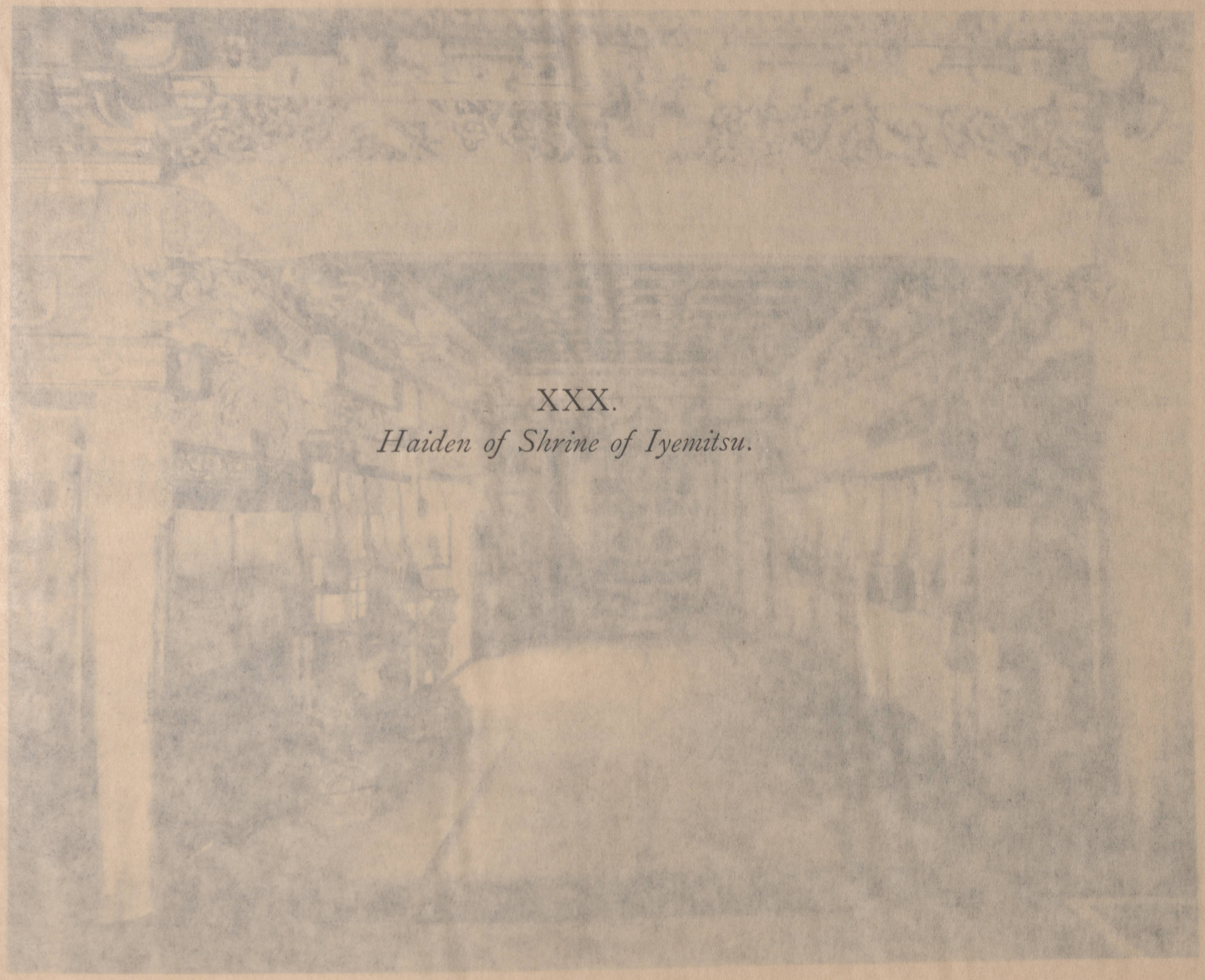
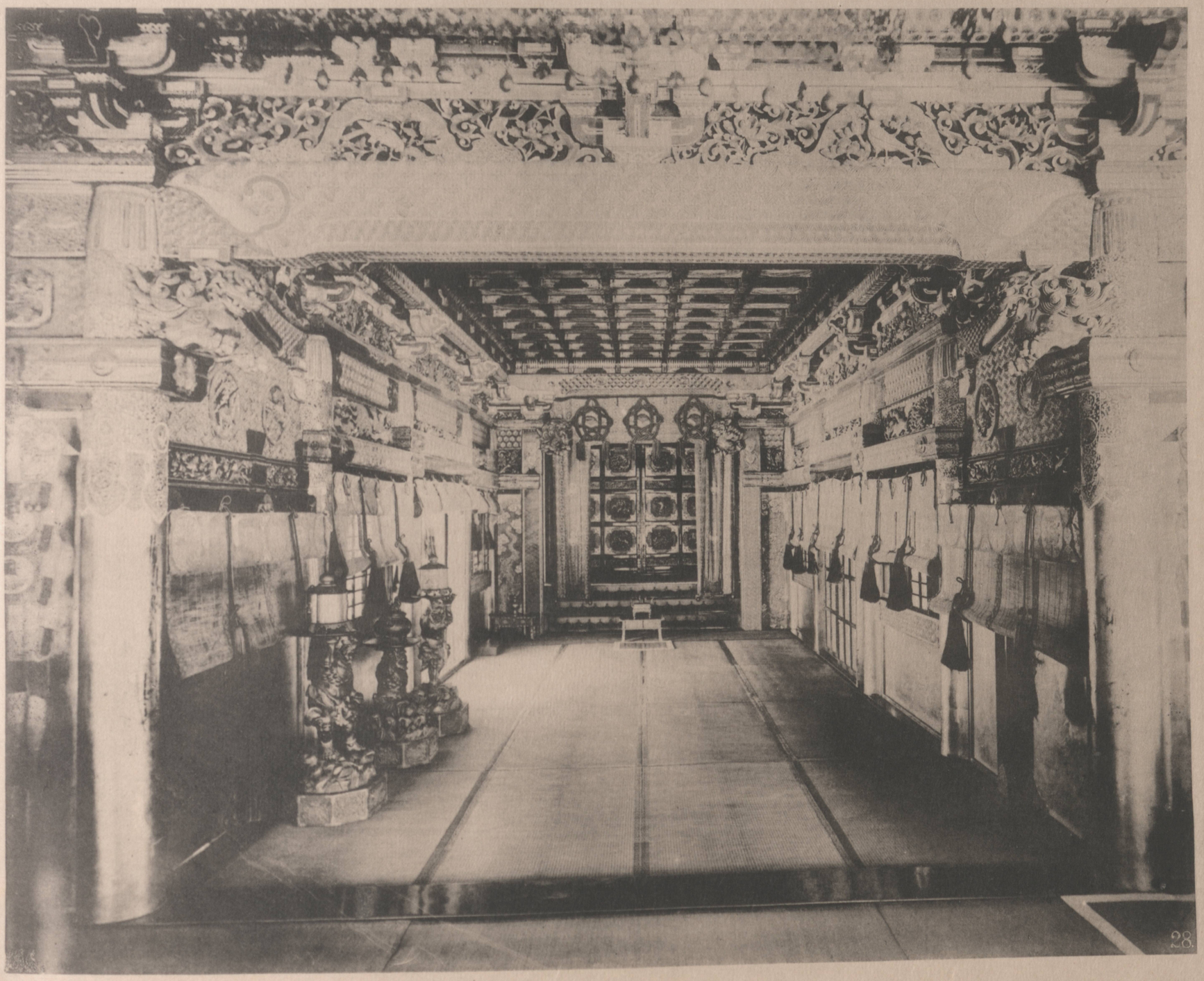


XXX.

Haiden of Shrine of Iyemitsu.



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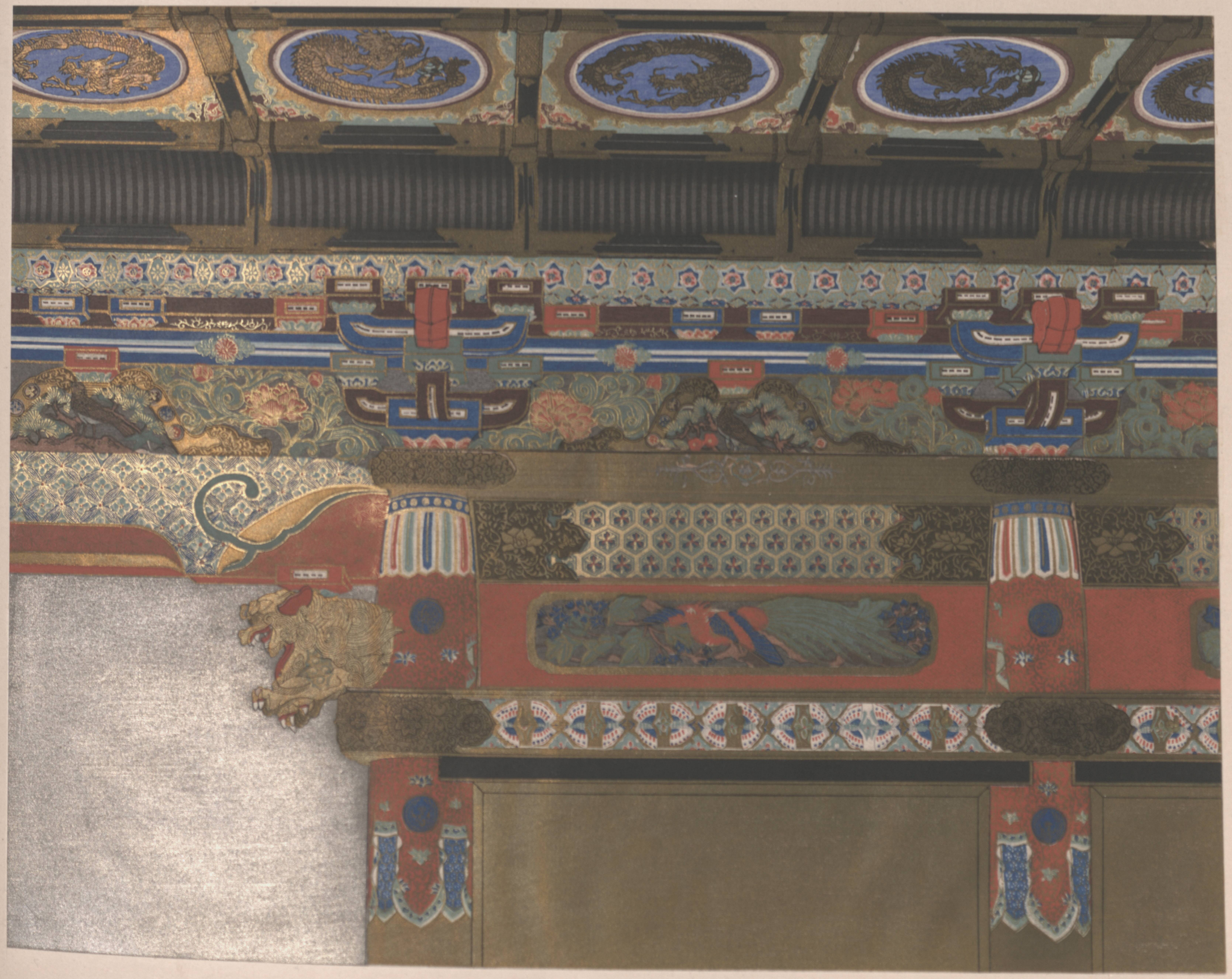
XXXI.

Haiden of Shrine of Iyemitsu.



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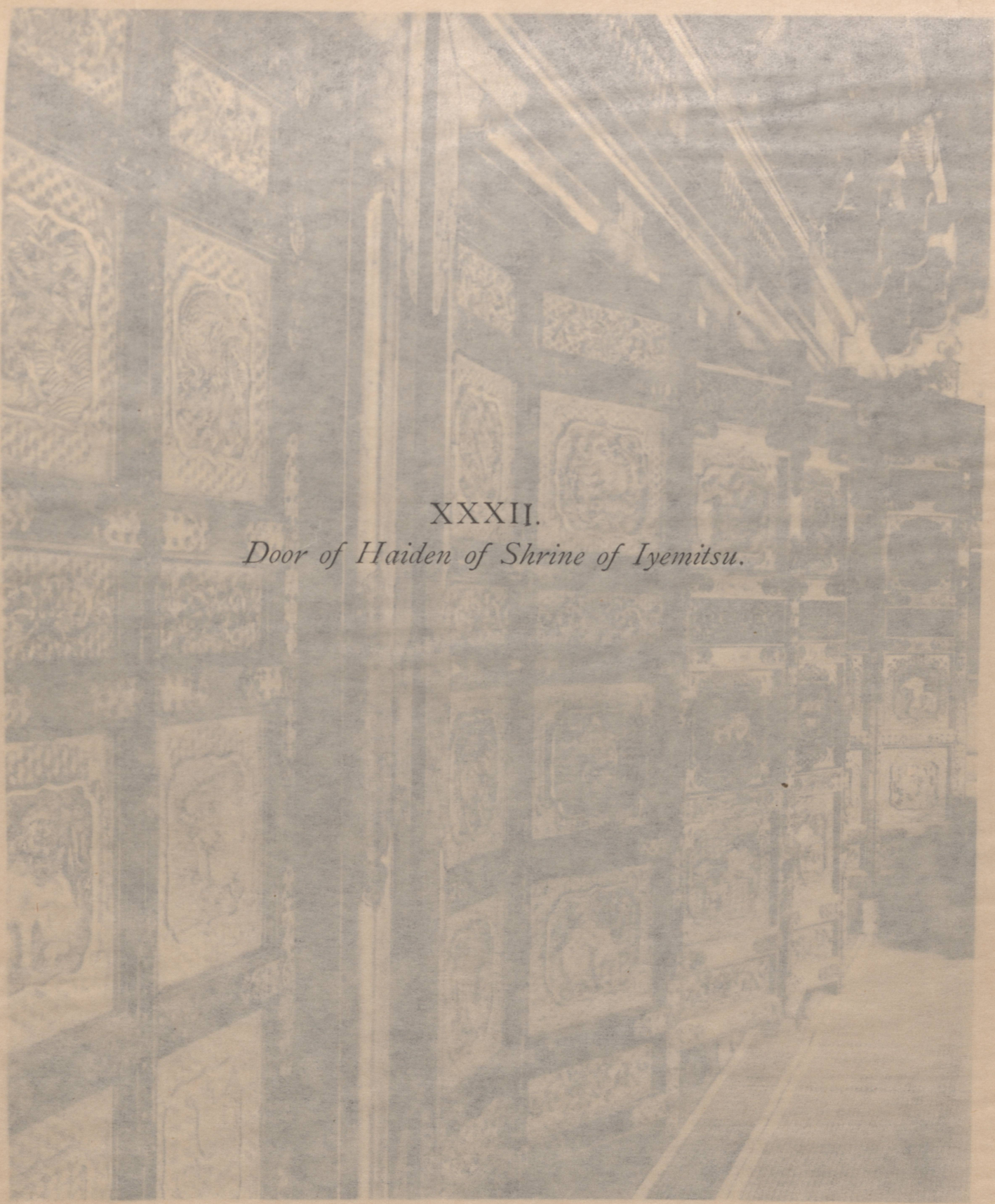

XXXII.

Door of Haiden of Shrine of Iyemitsu.

XXXII.

Door of Haider of Shrine of Jyenatsu.

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PLATE XXXIII.—(Cenotaphs of the Priest-Princes.)

OPPOSITE the shrine of Futaara are two squat dumpy-looking buildings, the Hokke Dō and the Jō-giō Dō, dedicated to certain members of the innumerable Buddhist pantheon. Passing through the passage between them, the traveller fares on up a roughly paved path, now sadly rutted by the rain storms, but shady and cool and refreshing. At the top of this is the lately repaired temple of Jigen Daishi. This worthy, otherwise known as Tenkai Daishi, was Abbot of Nikkō at the time it was chosen as the last resting place of Iyeyasu. Even at that time he was more than a Nestor. Born in 1509, more than 30 years before Iyeyasu, he lived to see the Tokugawa rule firmly established in the land, and to be the most trusted counsellor not only of Iyeyasu himself, but also of his grandson Iyemitsu, the third Shōgun, before he passed away at the green old age of 134 in A.D. 1643. A few steps to the left of his temple lead up to the tomb-stones of the Priest-Princes who were Abbots of Nikkō in succession. About these tomb-stones we find the following in the early editions of Murray's Hand-book:

"There are 13 in number, arranged round three sides of a square, and their mean appearance contrasts curiously with the splendour of the tombs of the Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, who had none of the blood of the gods in their veins, whatever the compilers of the Tokugawa pedigree might assert. There is no chapel where prayers are offered up to them, but merely a rough shed supported on four wooden posts."

Now with respect to this citation, two remarks may be vouchsafed. The first one is obvious enough, viz. that it is but fitting that honour should be shewn not to *fainéants*, but to the men who really do the work. And in the second place, if the Japanese guide-book is to be relied upon, the enclosure contains nothing but cenotaphs, the Priest-Princes having been really interred in Uyeno, in the metropolis.

XXXIII.

Cenotaphs of the Abbots.

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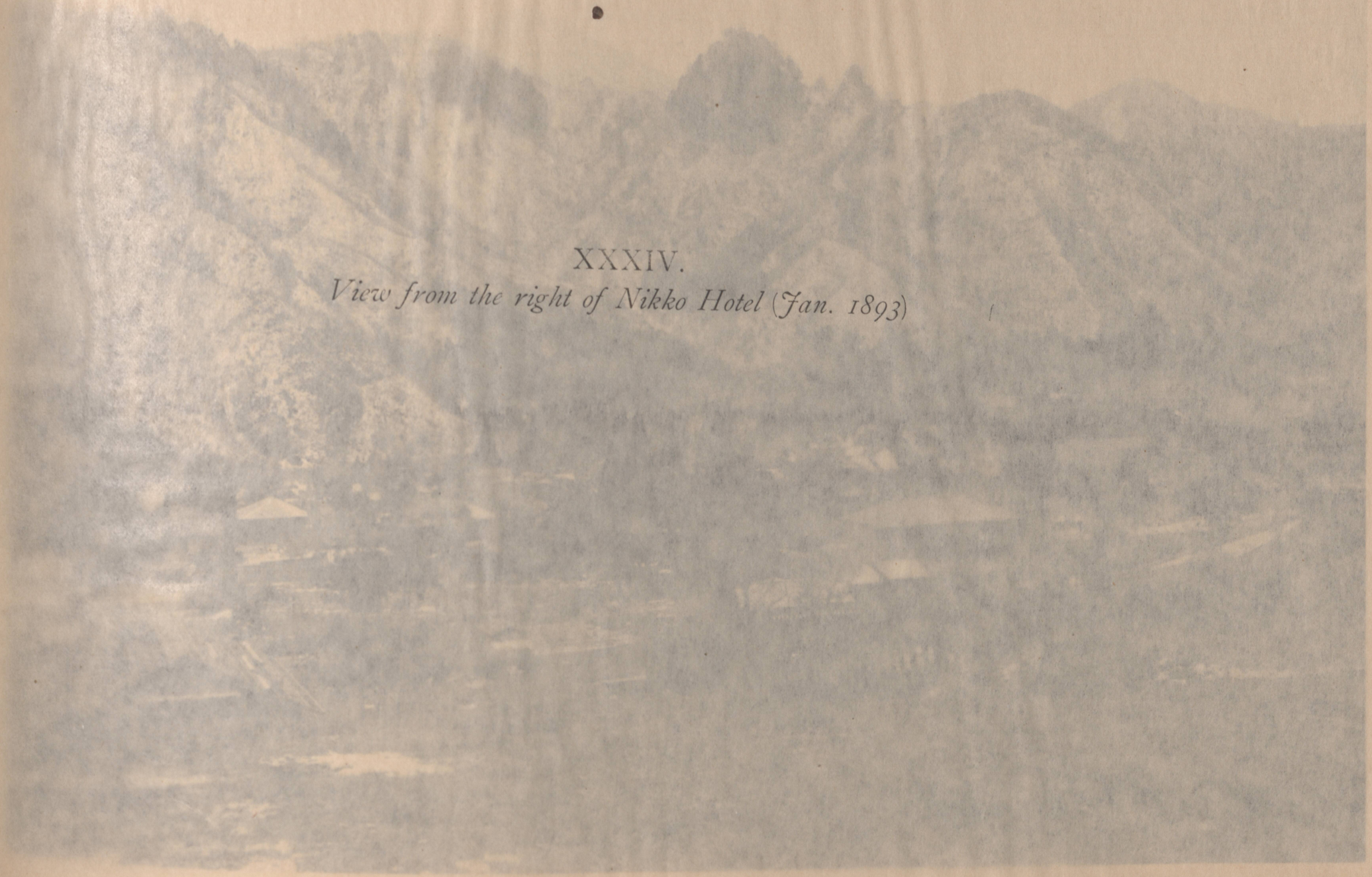
PLATE XXXIV.

SO much for Hotoke-Iwa, the Mortuary shrines, and the cunning of men's hands. But in this district much yet remains behind. From the village of Iri-machi onward and upward through the straths and vales, on to Yumoto and Shirane-san, the face of nature waxes wilder and more beautiful.

Even from the Hotel in Iri-machi the scene beyond the river is fine. In summer the rifts and gulches of the hills are shrouded in robes of green; then everything is fair and smiling.

But when winter spreads his flaky wings and swoops upon these glens the aspect becomes bleak and cheerless enough. Only the stray clumps of conifers stand unchanged,—now in seeming like so many sombre isles of black in a ridgy sea of foam. Everywhere from the copses around rises the whir of wings as the pedestrian picks his way through the snow-flecked brakes,—for the fowl have been driven from the uplands, and by instinct they seem to know that they are safe within the precincts of the Kunaishō's ground.

Around many of the houses in the village below are what have the appearance of so many scaffolds of bamboo poles. These have been erected to break the force of the blasts that come blustering down from the mountain, for in January and February the place, although otherwise for the most part windless, is greatly exposed to these sudden snow-laden hurricanes from the summits above.



XXXIV.
View from the right of Nikko Hotel (Jan. 1893)

XXXIV.

View from the right of Nikko Hotel (Jan. 1893)

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PLATES XXXV. & XXXVI.

THE new road from Nikkō to Chiusenji skirts the left bank of the Daiyagawa for the most of the way; so close to the torrent for the greater part that the roar of waters is for ever in one's ears. About a mile beyond the village of Nikkō, we cross the narrow wooden bridge on our left, and find ourselves directly in front of the little shooting-box-like shrine of Fudō, far up in a cleft of the shaggy hills. From this little shrine it is that over-night flickers the tiny gleam so like a Will-'o-the-wisp or a stray star settled upon the mountain's side. (Plate XXXIV.) Beyond the torrent we strike into a rough and rutted path which erstwhile received more care than now. The decaying stumps of what were mighty forest giants, the peers of those that fringe the Nikkō Road and shade the Mausolea, argue as much. Soon we enter a little temple *enceinte*, now all wild and tangled with grass and weeds, the wood-work of its deserted shrine a sickly sallow by reason of the rains that beat upon its uncared-for roof and walls, the Jizō that sit in solemn patience around it in many cases piteous in their headless and armless mutilation. Then a little further on the old Buddhist cemetery presents a saddening scene of wreck; its tomb-stones thrown down, lie like so much worthless rubble by the wayside.

In this graveyard, as if keeping watch and ward, sit the outposts of the long line of Jizō that here enfilade the way. There they sit on their rough-hewn plinths in mute patience and piteous resignation, exposed to the pelting rains of an inclement sky and the biting frosts and snows of winter. Time and the elements have worked sad ravage upon the soft stone in which they are cut; here one is manqué the lobe of an ear, there another is noseless, yet another has a cavity on the spot whence his bump of wisdom should project, while yet others are mere trunks, headless and limbless alike. Their bare heads and broad shoulders, and still broader loins are all swathed in moss and lichen that speak of neglect and desolation. On their breasts are pinned little scraps of paper, in some cases with the names of the faithful who come to pay them homage, and to ask their

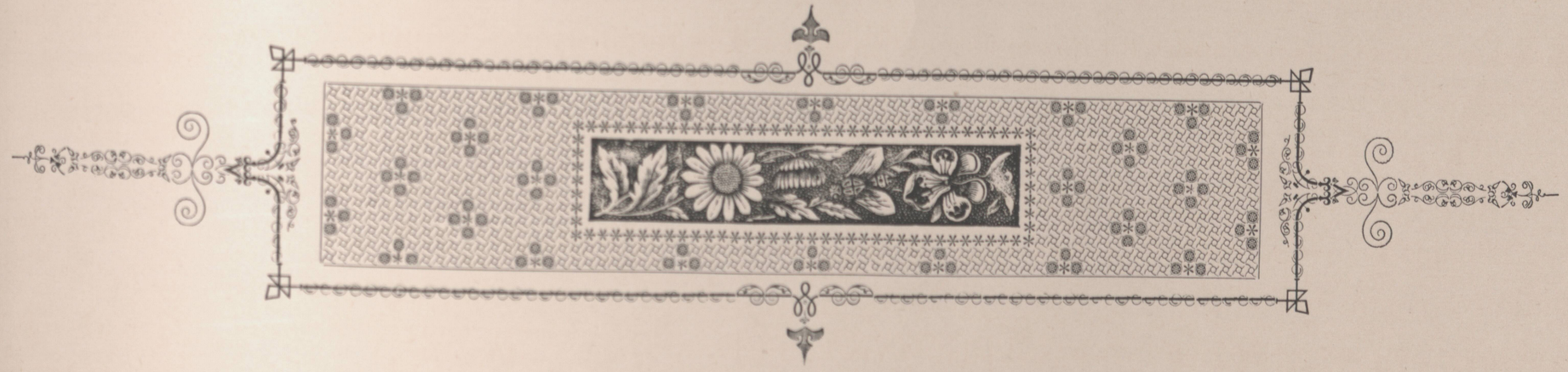
grace; for Jizō is ever the helper of those in trouble, watching especially over weary forwandered men, and women in travail, and lost and helpless little ones. He it is whose lap the natives ever fill with pebbles. These, believers say, are potent in the world beyond, to relieve the labours of hapless infants, whom the dread and loathsome Sōdzu-kawa hag robs of their clothes and sets to the never-ending toil of piling up cairns of stone on the banks of the river she haunts,—the Buddhist Styx. Others of those slips are merely marks used as aids by the curious who try to number this array of images, for the story is that no two mortal men can tell them o'er and find themselves at one in their tally.

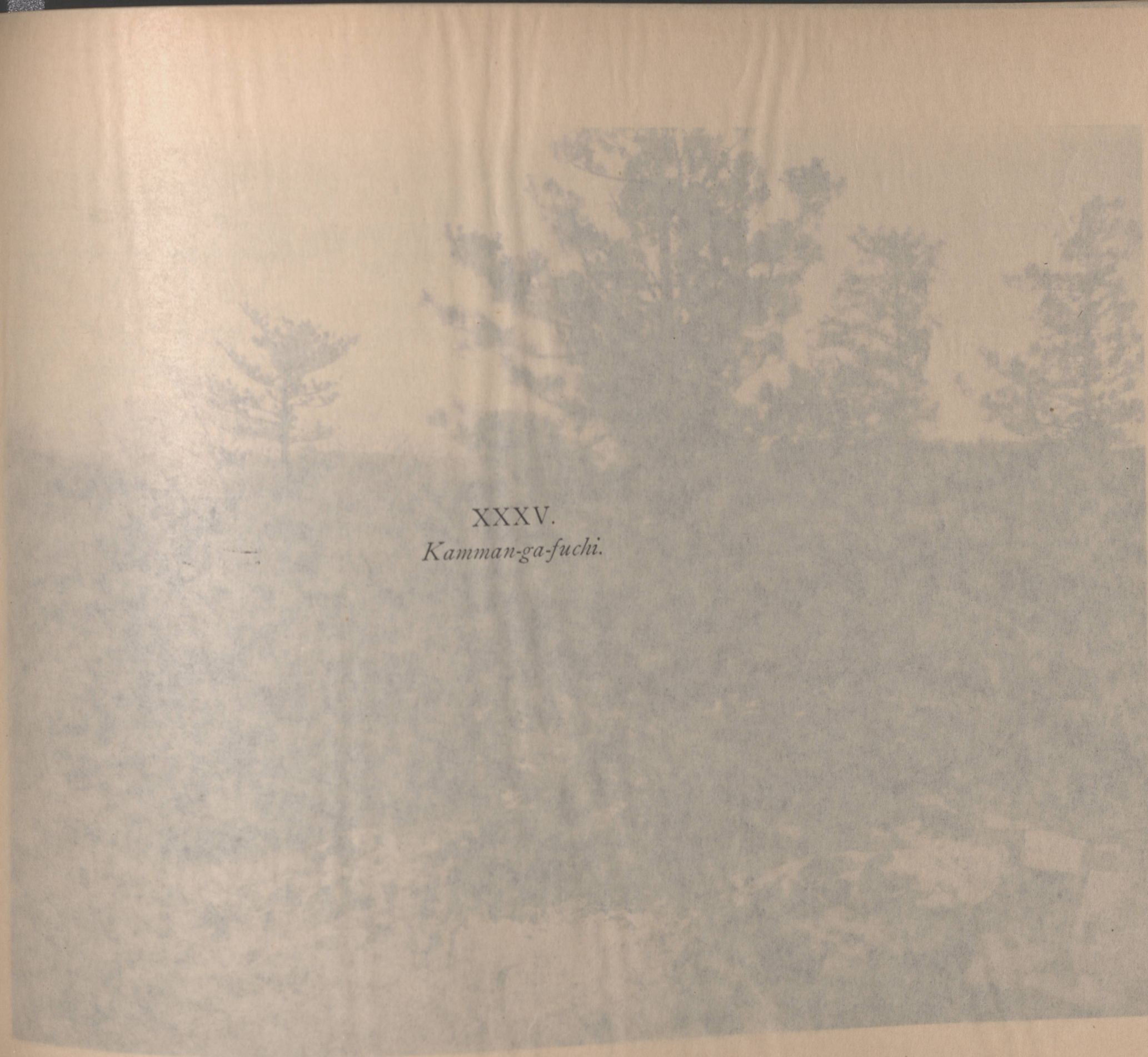
Above these images droop the boughs of mighty cedar-trees, and from the stone-rampart behind, a tangled waste of shrubs and wild flowers straggles upward to the fir-ringed cemetery where sleep the ashes of the monks of the *Mangwanji*.

The first of the main long row of Jizō sits headless in front of a spot consecrated by lying legend. In front of him and slightly to the left, a huge and rugged rocky mass thrusts the stream against the opposing cliffs. This mass gives foothold to some three or four smallish Cryptomeria and under their boughs, beside the little tea-booth, are pillars and memorial stones, and a Jizō sitting aloft upon a lotus, and clothed in a scurf of moss and hoary-looking lichen. (Plate XXXVI.) Down below, the river comes roaring and crashing round the angle of a cliff, whose face stands over the torrent with a forward slope. Atop of this a dwarf oak throws out its trunks like a Devil-fish or a Hydra; while under it stands Emma, King of Hell, in robes of moss, frowning down upon the flood. Upon the face of this rock is traced the Sanscrit characters for Hâmman. And on this the Guide-book holds forth thus: "It seems impossible that any one should have been able to get across to perform the work, and the guides say that it was done by Kōbō Daishi, who threw his pen at the

rock and marked it forever; but there is printed authority for ascribing it to a disciple of Jigen Daishi, only two centuries ago."

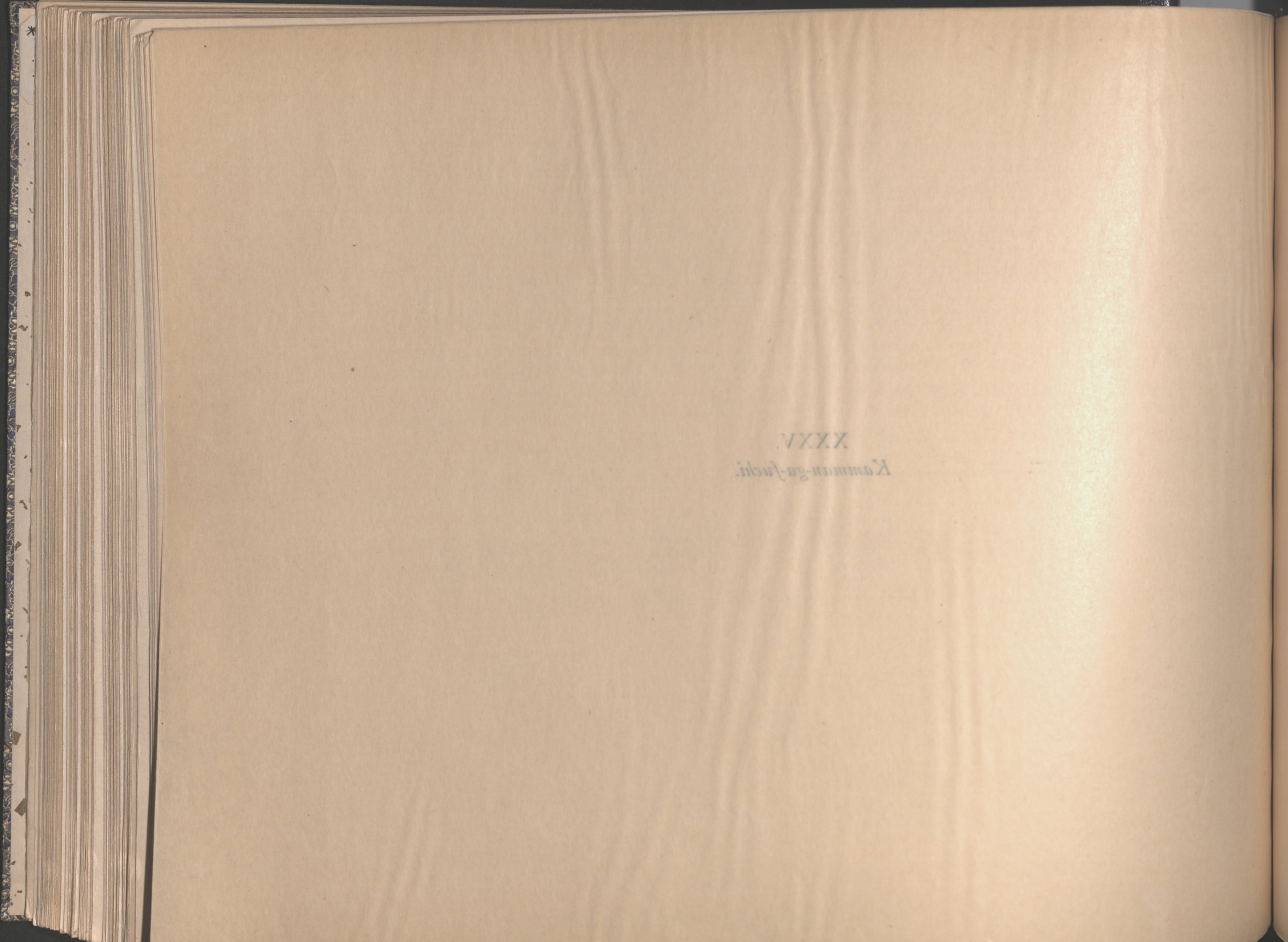
Of course getting *over* to do it would be somewhat ticklish work; but getting *down* from the other side would not be difficult. A piece of rope accounts for the reputed miracle easily enough.





XXXV.

Kamman-ga-fuchi.



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XXXVI.

The Countless Jizō.

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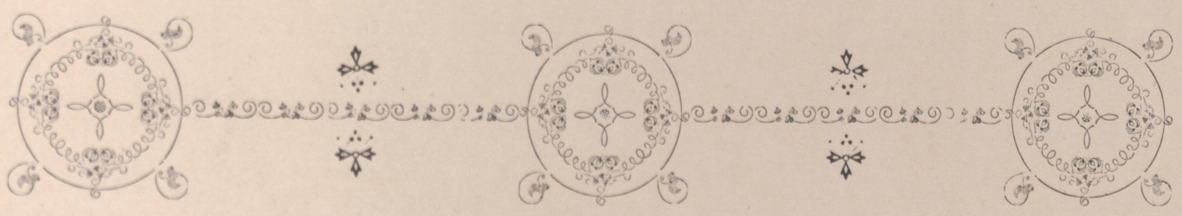
PLATE XXXVII.

SOME little way beyond the Kamman rapids, on the right of the Chiusenji road as the traveller fares onward from Nikkō, is Dai-nichidō, a quaint and pleasant spot. It nestles on a little level where the tree-clad heights above the roadway trend backwards with the curve of a bent elbow, their upward sweep topped with a thick-set fringe of conifers. Under the shadow of these trees sit crowds of dwarf-like Jizō, impish and elfish in their pose and look, while behind the little shrine of Kwannon, are larger ones with ferns sprouting in their laps and wild vines twining round them.

Within this little temple are hundreds upon hundreds of tiny gilt images of the goddess. The slips of paper on the door sufficiently attest the favour in which this shrine is held. It looks down upon a fairy scene; upon the square box-like temple of Dai-nichi with its dull red walls nestling under the droop of umbrageous willows; upon sedge-strewn pools with limpid water coursing round the rocklets crowned with little *torii* and lanterns, and miniature pagodas in stone; upon trimly clipped box and dwarfish pines fringing their stone-ringed margins with a living green. And away beyond the river rise the great shaggy hills, wonderfully quiet and still in their heavy sombre hues. And ever from below the ceaseless rush of the torrent comes up with its hoarse, unchanging monotone.



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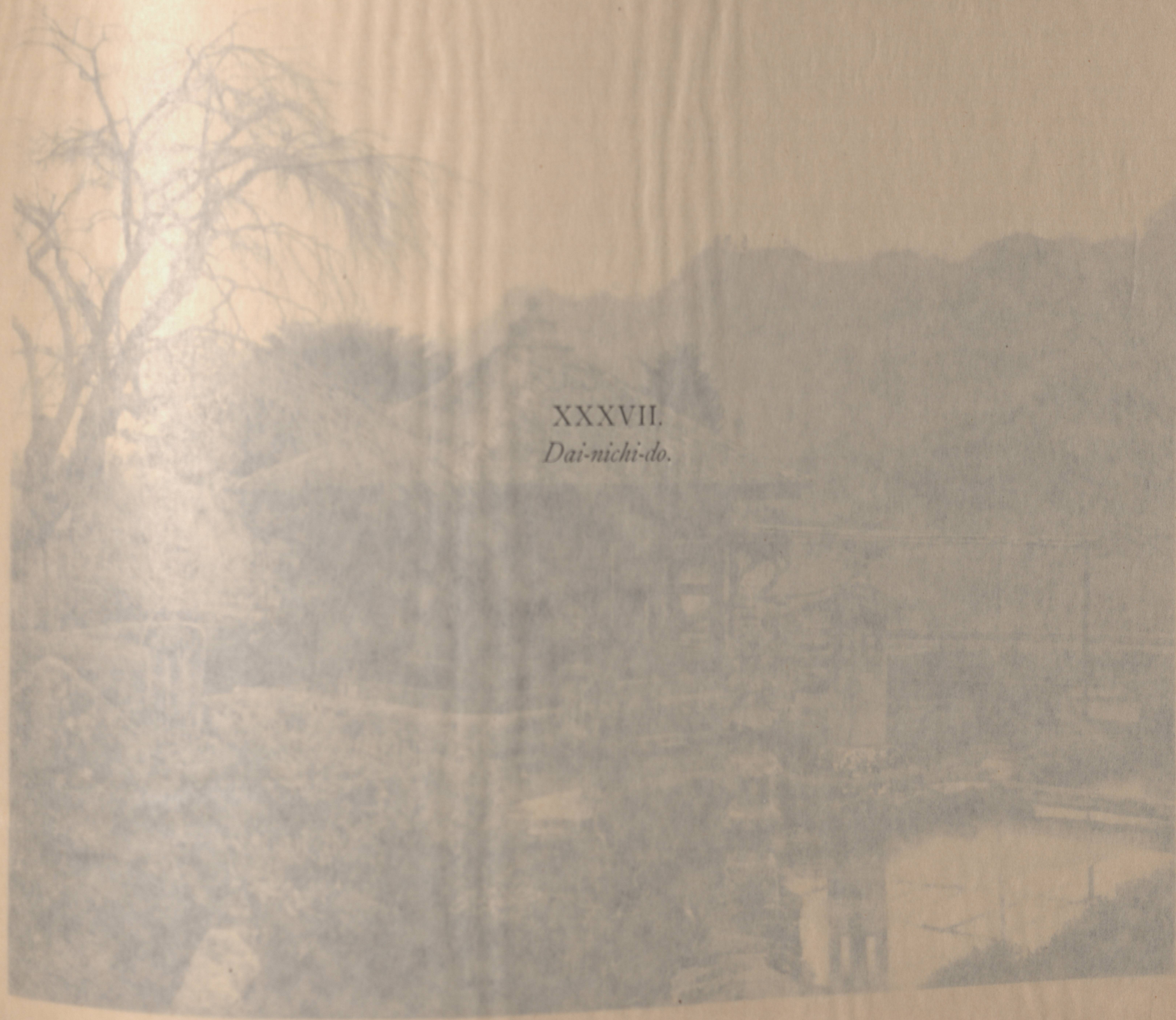

XXXVII.

Dai-nichi-do.

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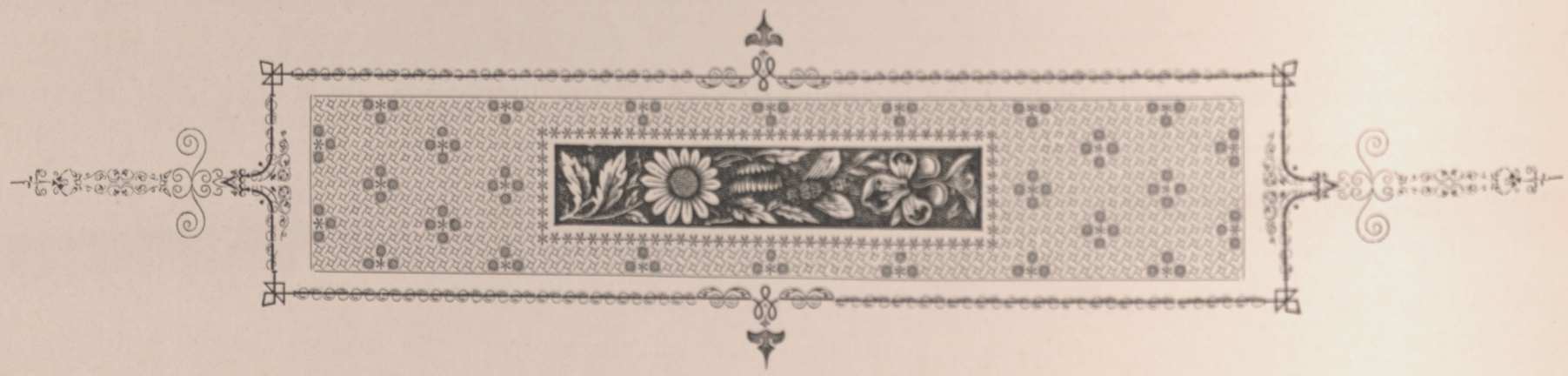
PLATES XXXVIII. & XXXIX.

NIKKŌ-SAN is emphatically a land of streams. At night in the hotels one is lulled to sleep by the unceasing moan of rushing waters, and as evening falls upon the far upland flats the sobbing wail of the river comes sweeping up mingled with the hoarse roar of nearer cataracts, till the belated wanderer fancies perforce that the glen is peopled with spirits calling out as if in grievous pain. In fact the district might well have been selected as the setting for the weird and eerie tale of Undine.

In all people reckon some eight and forty of these falls and cascades in the neighbourhood. To make up this lengthy list it is of course necessary to include not a few that are insignificant enough. But at least a good fourth part of the number may be reckoned as noteworthy, and not least so among them is Urami.

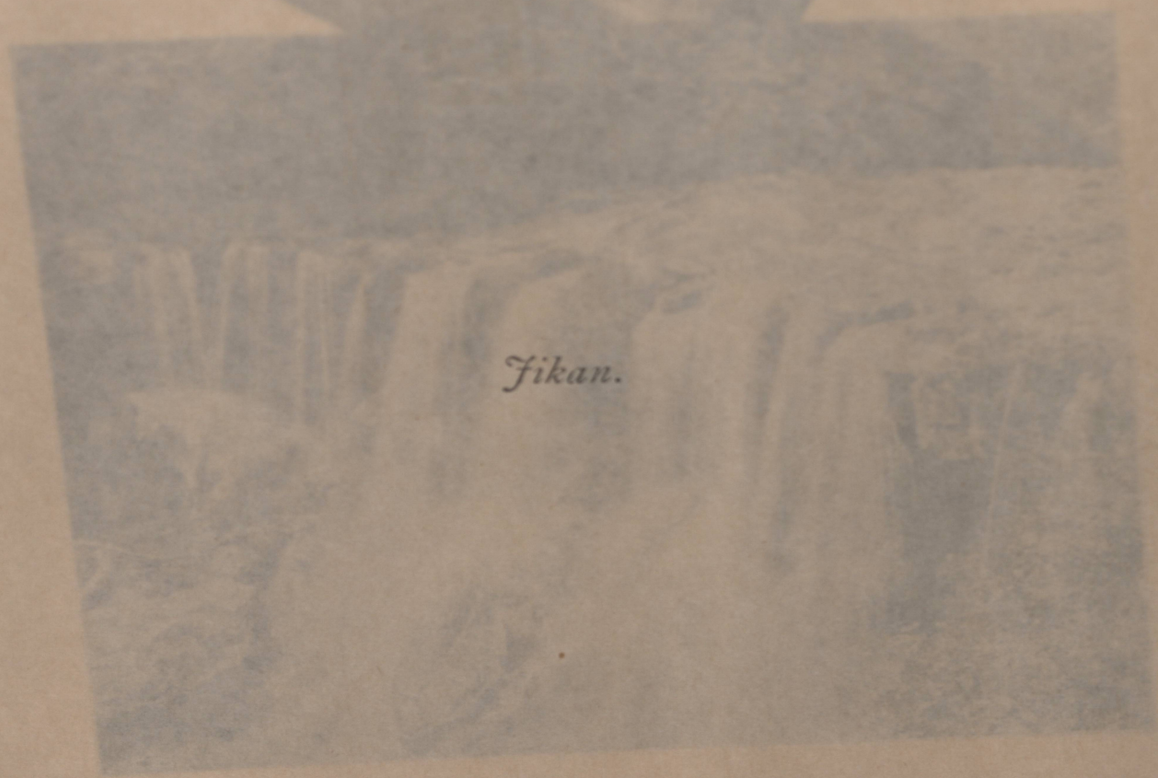
It is away in a wooded gulch of the lowermost slopes of the mountains, on the right of the road to Chiusenji. In the lapse of ages the waters have hollowed out a horse-shoe sweep from the cliffs around, and it is from the centre of this sweep, where the stream has eaten a deep and narrow channel in the native rock that the torrent takes the plunge that constitutes the fall properly so called. But all the rocky sides of the umbrageous hollow are a-drip with water; in many spots considerable runlets course adown their face into the yeasty pool below. The charms of the spot are seen to best advantage from the rocky ledge behind the main fall. It is easy work to pass between it and the rock; in fact it is this circumstance that gives it its name of Urami or "The seeing-from-behind." Jikan-no-taki, the other cascade in Plate XXXVIII. is on the same route as Urami. To reach it, we must cross the stream below the tea-houses at Urami, and follow the path up through the wood for about 2 miles. The cascade of Jikan is in itself really pretty, but the view down the strath towards Urami is equally charming.

Plate XXXIX. gives another of the numerous cascades at the base of the mountains behind Nikkō. This is Jakkō. In itself the Fall of Jakkō is not so picturesque as some others in the neighbourhood —Kirifuri for instance. But the autumn colours of the maples that everywhere surround it give it a special charm at that season.



XXXVIII.

Urami.



Jikan.

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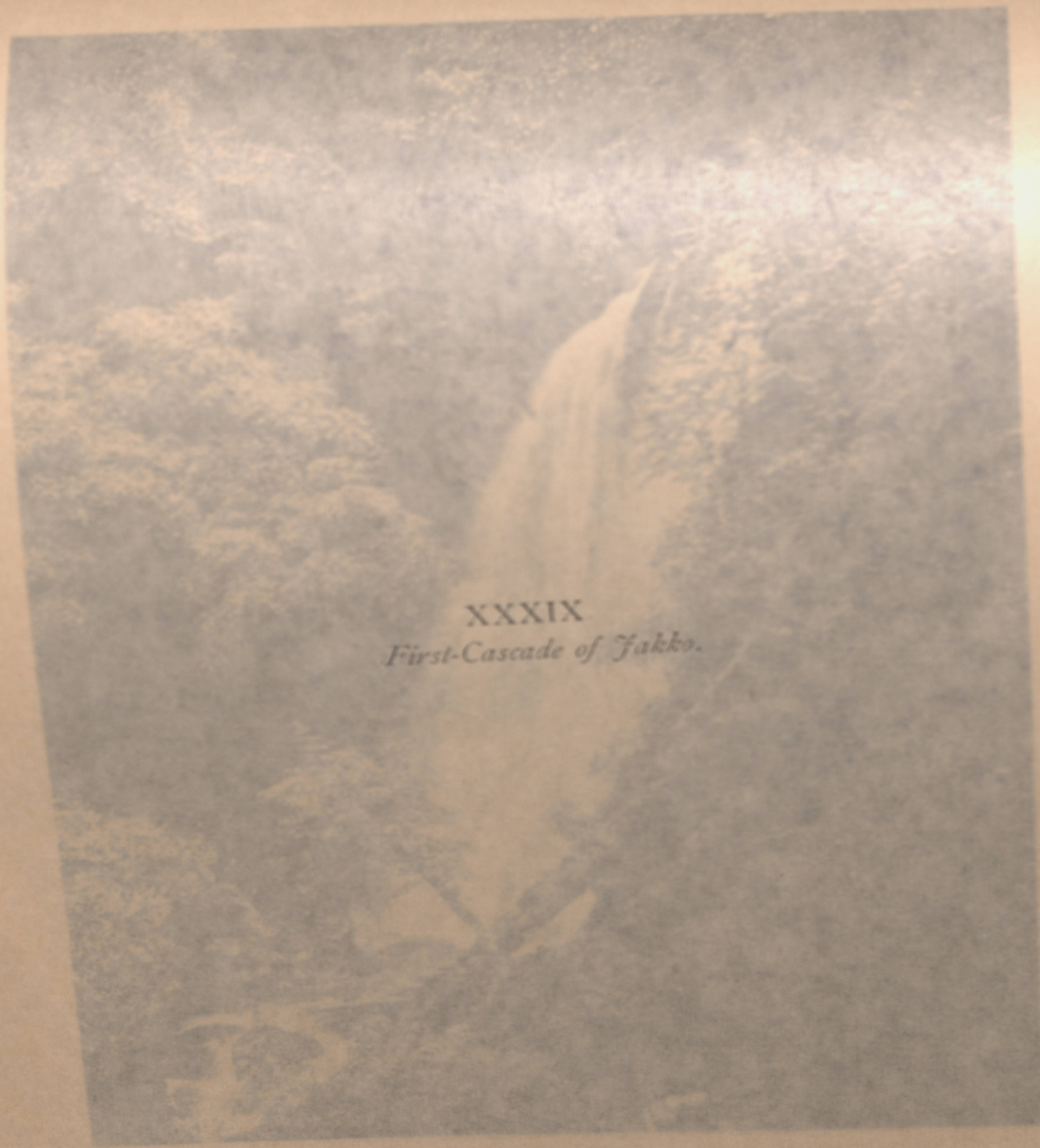

XXXIX
First-Cascade of Jakko.

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PLATE XL.—(Kegon.)

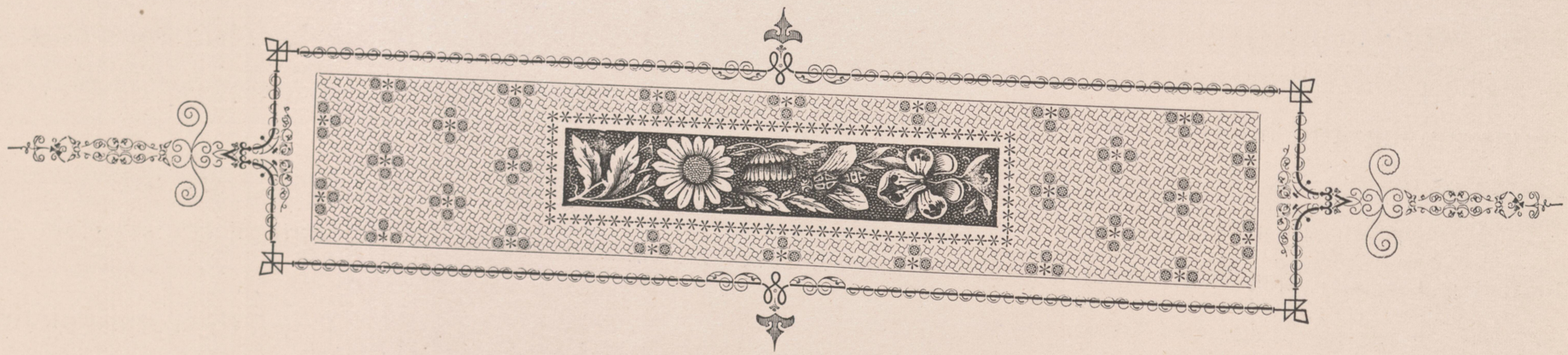
THE road winds up the strath which near Umagayeshi becomes filled with the roar of the rush of the Daiyagawa. Here the track runs under tree-topped cliffs, with overhanging precipices outjutting hundreds of feet overhead, and then it leaves the bottom of the gorge and zigzags up a steep projecting spur on to the oak-clad plateau thrust wedge-wise between the base of Nantai and the River, the point of the wedge being thrust into Chiusenji at the spot where under the name of the Daiyagawa its flood breaks downward towards Kegon Falls.

These Falls are possibly the most famous in Japan. About half-a-mile below the outlet of the Lake, the flood comes pouring down a channel it has eaten for itself in the hard whinstone rock, and jumps a sheer three hundred and fifty feet into the sprayey abyss below. That is when there have been rainstorms among the hills around, or when a strong West wind has banked up the waters of Chiusenji upon its Eastern shore.

For ordinarily the water in the surface channel is scanty,—indeed at times it entirely fails—and then attention rests upon the numerous subterranean streams that gush out in yeasty white from the waist of the semi-circle of beetling crags in front.

The photograph is taken from the usual perch whence the Fall is viewed. From the nature of things, with the camera alone it is impossible to do justice to the scene. Not only is the great element of colour eliminated, but no point of view can be found to take in the whole of the pit. For instance, right below the perch we mention is a wonderful sight. Whoever is venturous enough to hold on to the boughs of the projecting trees and crane over the precipice into the gulch below will be amply rewarded for the risk. Down in the depths at the foot of the cliff is a great expanse of living green moss, with ten or a dozen white and yeasty

streams scoring channels adown it, and swelling the volume of sound and spray with their clamour as they dash and swirl into the bed of the main torrent. And from the maple woods opposite, flocks of dusky swallows come flitting across and sport around the columns of the down-falling flood.



XL.

Kegon.

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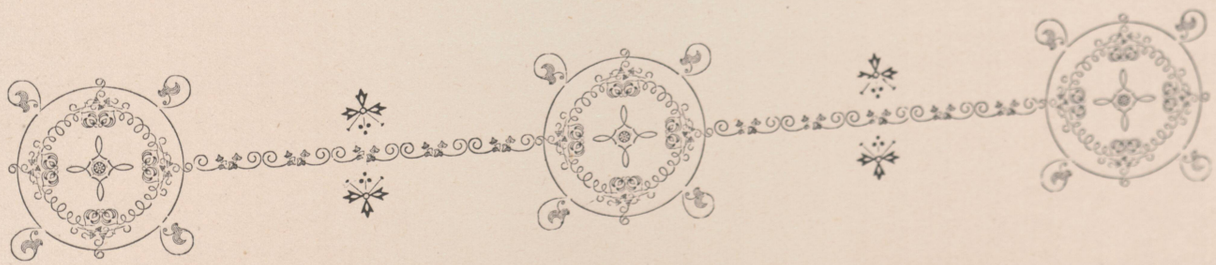
PLATES XLI., XLII. & XLIII.

THE road debouches from the wood at the *Kosui* or Outlet of the Lake (Plate XLI.), where the clear and limpid flood flows downwards between silent shady woods to its mighty leap at Kegon.

It is worth while to pass the rustic bridge that spans the stream and follow the foot-path through the thickset wood that here fringes the Lake. In about a quarter of an hour we reach an old temple-building, decayed and weather-worn, with its *torii* close down upon the pebbly beach of the mere. From this spot there is a glorious prospect of Nantai with his shaggy sides running steeply up above the Lake and the little hamlet that nestles on the water's rim at his foot. The bosom of Chiusenji usually lies calm and unruffled, but there are times when the blasts from Nantai shrill and swoop across it, and it can then be angry enough. So much we can infer from the line of drift and *débris* that fringes the strand some four or five feet above the normal level of the water.

Plate XLIII. gives a view of the hamlet of Chiusenji from a point a little beyond the outlet of the Lake.



XLI.

Outlet of Lake Chiuzenji.

XLI.

Outlet of Lake Chinseroji.

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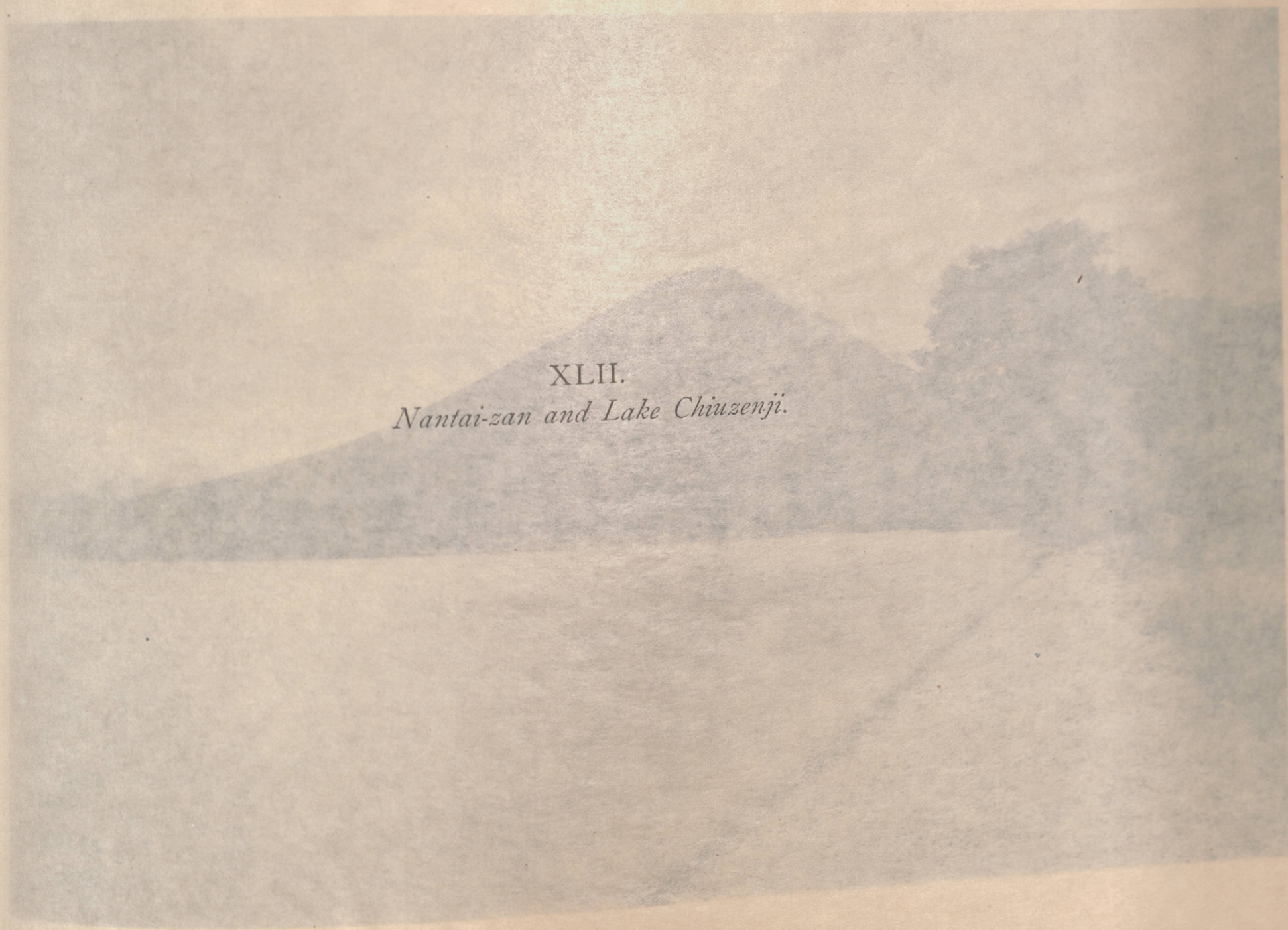

XLII.

Nantai-zan and Lake Chiuzenji.

XLII.

Nantai-san and Lake Chiusenji.

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XLIII.

Village of Chiuzenji.

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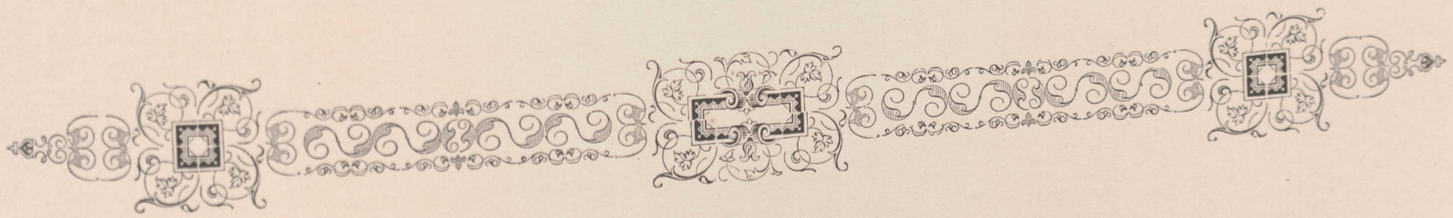
PLATES XLIV. & XLV.

THE walk round the North shore of Chiusenji is pleasant and picturesque. Beyond the spot where the little Cape of Sengū juts out into the water the path strikes away from the lake, upward through the woods rich with a wealth of tints if the year is waning towards its end (Plate XLIV.) Anon the traveller finds himself in spots with names of evil omen, such as Hell's River (Jigoku no Kawa) that huddles over its smooth black rocks to hide itself in the thickets below, and Hell's Rice-pot (Jigoku no Kama) away over on the right at the base of Nantai. Soon one's ears are stunned by the roar of tumbling waters, and a few more upward steps bring us to a perch where the air is moist with the foam-flecks and flying spray from the lashers of the Cascade of the Dragon's Head.

These rapids are best seen either from the moss-covered wedge-shaped rock on whose point the torrent breaks into two, or from a coil of the roadway on the brink of the stream, just a little below the spot where the torrent begins to seethe adown these ledges. From this latter point there is a great yeasty stretch of churning waters leaping and roaring into countless cataracts and finally for the most part, vanishing into the cavernous uncanny abyss the flood has furrowed for itself in the hard black rock below.



XLIV.

On the road from Chiuzeuji to Yumoto.

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XLV.

Cascade of the Dragon's Head above Chiuzenji.

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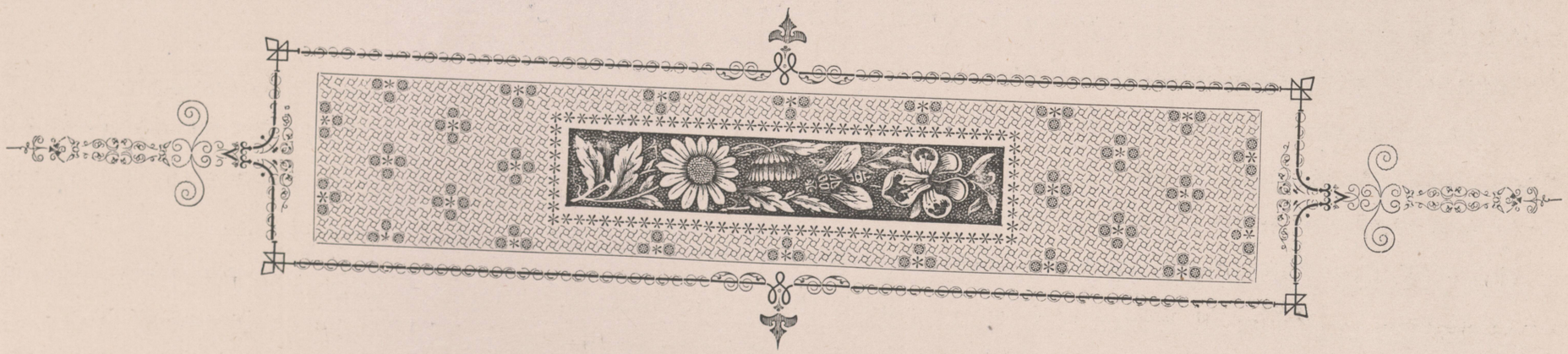
PLATE XLVI.

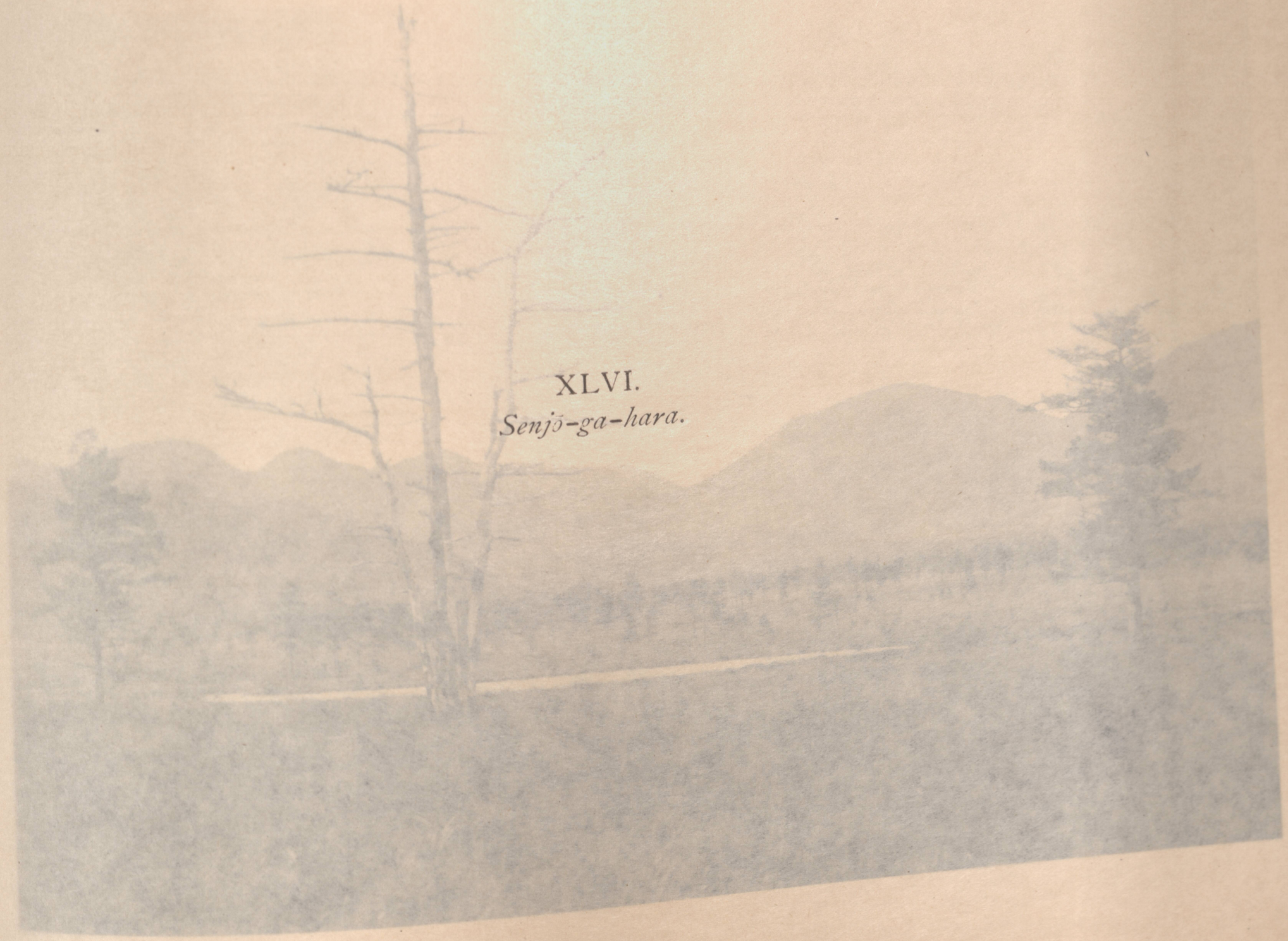
THE road winds upward through a straggling wood of *nara* oak and alder trees and stunted pines, their boughs and branches bearded with the long, trailing, hoary-looking Sarugase moss. Soon we emerge from the forest, and before us and around us lies a great open expanse, stretching away for a good two miles on this hand and on that. All around, it is ringed in with steep and shaggy peaks,—Nantai, Omanago, Komanago and Tora-ga-take, and looks for all the world like the cock-pit of an amphitheatre levelled and reared in the days when the world was young, when Titans and Giants and Demi-gods were still its sole inhabitants. And in hoary legend it runs that once the gods themselves joined battle on this sward, and that the blood that gushed from their wounds reddened all its pools and lagoons, so that it was for ever after known by the names it bears even unto this day.

In sooth once at least within historic times this wide expanse was truly a veritable cock-pit. In 1389 it swarmed with contending hosts and the clang of battle rolled up its mountain walls as the heady strife swayed this way and that across its russet, grass-clad floor. Hence really in all probability its names of Sen-jō-ga-hara, (The Moor of the Battlefield) and Aka-numa-ga-hara (The Moor of the Red Swamp), for in autumn its grass becomes sapless, and then it waxes red even as with the redness of the maple foliage on the hills that ring it round. As might be expected, this wild and dreary flat has a been soil fruitful in the products of fancy. Here seven centuries ago, the story runs, Yoritomo left some white storks, and for years and years they made their homes among the reeds and sedgy pools of the moor. But at last the world waxed wicked and degenerate, and like Astraea they winged their flight from it for ever.

And now the wide level of the moor lies solitary with its silence all unbroken save by the lone sounds of the wilderness. And yet although sombre and forbidding when the mist-racks writhe above it, it is not

unlovely when the sunbeams glint across it. Then its flag-ringed meres and lagoons, its tinted expanse of copse, and even the stray trees—many of them blasted by fire or lightning—that dot its face here and there, furnish forth a landscape not unkindly indeed, albeit with no lack of sternness in its smiles.





XLVI.

Senjō-ga-hara.

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PLATE XLVII.

FAR away in front to the left rises the bare and verdureless scalp of Shirane-san, with the restless nether-fires aglow in his bosom. Below his flank extends a long wooded chine, and down its face like a silver thread, or a streak of light penetrating a dark room through a chink between close-barred shutters, stream the waters from the tarn of Yumoto on their way to mingle with the flood of Chiusenji. This is the far-famed Yu-no-taki, after Kegon the loftiest waterfall among these mountains.

Just beyond it, hemmed in with the many-hued leafage on the mighty peaks all about, lies Yu-no-umi, its waters all streaked and tainted with sulphur and alive with fish. At its far end lies the hamlet of Yumoto, with its weather-beaten shingle-roofs, its baths, its pathways traversed by what look like so many tributaries of some Phlegethon or Cocytus, and its atmosphere moist and heavy with a rotten, sulphurous stench.

Printed at the "Japan Gazette" Office, Yokohama, Japan.

XLVII.

Yumoto.

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I have to acknowledge my indebtedness to Professor W. K. Burton of the Imperial University of Japan for the negatives of Plates, XLI. XLII. XLIII. XLIV. *and* XLVII. *and to Mr Aritō for those of Plates,* II. XI. XII. XV. XXV. XXVI. *and* XXVII.

K. Ogawa.

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明治廿六年五月十九日印刷并ニ出版

著作者　府下荏原郡大森村公園
ヱー、ヱム、モダック
英國人

發行者
印刷兼　東京市麹町區飯田町四丁目一番地
小川一眞
東京府士族

印刷所　神奈川縣横濱居留地七拾番舘
ガセット新聞社

*
379 .012 .67 .66
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